

# THE SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.

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OCTOBER, 1828.

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## DUELLING.

THE efforts of the Legislature, and the denunciations of the Pulpit, having equally failed to put an end to this pernicious and unchristian practice, the suggestion of other means for effecting the object, will we presume be received with indulgence, as almost any new remedy may be tried with propriety in a case that has thus resisted all the usual and most approved modes of treatment, and that would appear to be desperate.

If it be desirable that the practice should be wholly suppressed, we are convinced that this can only be effected by the early instillation into the minds of youth, of such sentiments as are best calculated to counteract those principles of *false honor*, which they at present so soon imbibe from the converse and example of their elders; or in other words, by means of *education*, which, as it exerts an influence *more powerful than custom*, is certainly the only higher panacea for the cure of an evil, which custom, stronger in its turn than either law or reason, alone continues.

The Greeks, Spartans and Romans, though certainly sufficiently high minded and warlike, fought no duels—an apparent anomaly which has sadly puzzled our modern men of the sword, who have been quite at a loss to conceive how it should have happened, that those fierce and haughty republicans, who were so ready to rush into quarrels with their neighbours, and who were also peculiarly sensitive on the points of national honor, should ever have been so peaceable and even passive, as they would appear to have been in their domestic intercourse and conduct, and should never have thought of settling their personal differences by an appeal to arms, and by killing each other in private combat—this being certainly the most summary mode of deciding such matters, and a practice that we would suppose peculiarly congenial to the habits and dispositions of a martial people. We shall endeavour to shew that this was wholly the result of education; though we are aware that it has been usual to account for the circumstance by a different hypothesis, which, as it conveys a high compliment to the moderns at the

expense of the ancients, has naturally enough met with an easy reception, and has generally been considered as sufficiently correct and satisfactory.

It has been maintained, and seems to have been self-complacently conceded on all hands, that there did not exist among the ancients, to whom we remotely owe all the civilization and improvements of which we boast, that polish and refinement of manners which distinguishes the descendants of the northern barbarians of Europe, and which at present so generally prevails in what is called the best society—too often, as will be admitted, but another name for dissipation, frivolity and extravagance; and that, of consequence, they were less alive to those nice feelings, and less animated by that high and sensitive honor which it is pretended gave rise to, and perpetuates the Teutonic custom in question, now established as the touch-stone and bloody test of gentlemanly breeding and true chivalry. The superior skill and taste, however, displayed by the Greeks in every department of literature and the fine arts, and the high degree of civilization which they had unquestionably attained to, might well “give us pause,” before we implicitly assent to such a doctrine; and, for ourselves, we cannot but think it more reasonable to suppose, that the elegance of their minds must have imparted at least some tincture of refinement to their manners; and, as we discover the most delicate perception of grace, propriety and decorum, in every monument and relic of their genius that they have left behind them, that these qualities could not have been wholly wanting, where, according to all analogy, they would be most likely to be displayed—in their social intercourse, and domestic habits and customs. Neither can we believe, that the beautiful and perfect system of ethics comprised in the writings of their Philosophers, were wholly theoretical, and the mere offspring of speculation; but conceive it not unreasonable to conclude, that as there is no other test of rational and true morality than practice and example, that they drew other ideas on these subjects, from observation and experience, and from real life and the society in which they lived. There can be no doubt that our minds are yet to be disabused of many prejudices on this subject, which we early imbibed from European writers, whose education and political predilections greatly biassed them in the views they have adopted of ancient society, and from the more popular histories of Greece and Rome, usually put into the hands of youth.

We fear that our readers will think that we enter upon a hopeless task, in opposing ourselves to the long received opinions of a host of scholars and historians, and in attempting to present any views upon a subject that has been so often discussed, as the manners and institutions of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Let it be recollected, however, that this subject necessarily presents itself under a new and interesting aspect in this country, as it is our fortune to live under institutions more nearly resembling those of Greece and Rome, than any that have ever existed since the extinction of those celebrated republics. It is natural, therefore, that we should take a different view of their history, and should look more narrowly into

the accounts we read of their character and manners, than has hitherto been done ; and it surely behoves us to vindicate the cause of liberty, where it is assailed through them, whenever the occasion calls for it—and we have the means in our hands of doing so successfully. We cannot, however, do more than touch cursorily on the subject at this time—but we are satisfied that abler hands might present to the youth of our country more just and correct views of the history and character of the free nations of antiquity, than they can at present derive from any of the sources on which they usually rely for information on these points, to us so highly interesting and important. In the best history which we have of Greece, that of Mr. Mitford, the author is not even at the pains to conceal his anti-republican feelings and prejudices, which never fail to shew themselves whenever the *sovereign people*, or their acts, afford any scope for satire or censure, or come under the notice of his pen. The prejudices of the class of writers to whom we allude, being equally enlisted on the side of monarchy and aristocracy, it is their favorite doctrine, insinuated where it is not openly inculcated, and openly inculcated where it is not insinuated, that republican institutions are necessarily inimical to refinement of manners and the higher graces and elegancies of life, which, they would have us believe, can exist no where but in the limited and select society formed by a privileged class, and within the magic circle and refining influence of a Court. Hence, we have been taught to associate no other ideas but those of political turbulence and dissension, and of rudeness and licentiousness of manners, with the name and history of the ancient democracies. In the first place, we know not upon what just grounds the present habits of European society, formed as they have been under despotic institutions, and frivolous and fantastic as they for the most part are, can be considered as superior to any other system of manners that has ever before existed ; and we would next inquire whether it is by any other standard than one of our own erecting, that we have undertaken to pronounce the more simple and austere ideas of the ancients, and their notions as to the essentials of good breeding and decorum, to have been altogether mistaken, and wholly unrefined and vulgar ? Such, however, are the practical and illiterate ideas which we are accustomed to imbibe from the sources to which we usually resort for information upon this subject. There is another set of writers, whose talent and art enable them to palm their misrepresentations upon the reader, by a process so cautious and elaborate, that suspicion is lulled to sleep, and the judgment insensibly led astray ; and he neither perceives nor tastes the poison, suspended in the clear medium which he mistakes for the pure stream and living waters of truth. There are some stuffs so woven, that even the most attentive eye and practiced touch can with difficulty distinguish the wrong from the right side of the texture, and we too often find the labored tapestry of history, wrought with a similar deceptive and treacherous skill, or every where shot through with the dark threads of prejudice, disfigured by exaggerated representations, and presenting only distortions and extravagant pictures to the eye. It at best



exhibits only a species of *raised-works*, where the frowning effigies of tyrants and of heroes, and gigantic representations of war, pestilence, famine and desolation, are alone presented to the view; the happier and more grateful scenes of peace and private life, the joys, and affections, and virtues, that meet in harmony around the domestic hearth, being deemed subjects too humble to occupy a place even in a remote corner, or on the borders of the sublime and gloomy woof. Were we only to record the earthquakes, inundations and volcanoes, that have at different times desolated and disfigured the globe, and were to exclude from the picture the glories of morning, the splendors of day, and the attributes of the seasons, it would be readily admitted that such a representation would afford but a very imperfect idea of the aspect and history of physical nature.

With respect even to the public history of the ancient democracies, as it has been generally written and interpreted by modern annalists, we repeat, that it requires to be received with a degree of caution, which the ordinary run of readers, are, we believe, but seldom sufficiently prepared to observe in perusing it. Mr. Mitchell, the accomplished translator of Aristophanes, alone had the candor to observe, that, notwithstanding all that has been said respecting the alledged turbulence and violence of the Athenian democracy, there never existed a government under which the scaffold was so seldom stained with blood, or under which there occurred so few instances of protracted imprisonments, or cruel punishments of any one kind. Even superstition and fanaticism could not render the Athenians cruel, for Socrates perished by as mild a death as well could have been devised; and his case forms a solitary one in the religious history of his country. The celebrated La Harpe observes of the Romans, that justice has never been done to the moderation and high character which they sustained during the whole period of the republic; and we here lay before the reader a portion of his interesting and just remarks upon this subject. He observes, that "the united sanction of the people and the senate was necessary to the passage of a law; hence the frequent divisions between the two orders, in which the people had always the advantage, and, what is yet more remarkable, had always right reason on their side. The Romans were more thoughtful and serious, and were characterized by a greater degree of self-command and moderation, than the Athenians. Indeed, there are no people of antiquity who can in this or in any other respect be compared to them. We find them exhibiting on numerous occasions traits of moderation never before exemplified in the conduct of a multitude, of which the movements are in general in some sort proportioned to its magnitude and power; violence being the usual companion of force. The virtue of moderation, so rare even in the conduct of individuals, is surely the less to be expected in large bodies of men; yet this virtue shines conspicuous in the character and history of the Romans, and rendered them worthy of their mighty destiny, and of the dominion and mastery they acquired over others. This trait, which is calculated to give a new aspect to their history, were



it written at the present day by one capable of uniting with the eloquence of the ancients, the philosophy which they so often wanted, has been the less observed, from most of the Latin Historians having been arrayed on the side of the senate; a body undoubtedly highly dignified and politic, and successful in the management of the exterior or foreign relations of the government, in which, until the epoch of their corruption, they met with but little occasion for the display or indulgence of passion. It would, however, be easy to prove that in the interior administration they were much less successful, and were often outdone by the people both in virtue and in justice. Where, for example, shall we find a parallel to the conduct of the latter, when quitting their camp at the news of the death of Virginia, (the first individual crime of the decemviral tyranny, and the last) they entered Rome with ensigns displayed, and, without committing the slightest violence, limited themselves to re-establishing the legitimate authorities, and delivering Appius over to the tribunals; and, when he was condemned, permitted him to appeal to the people, though he had himself abrogated the right to make that appeal. They were, it is true, a fierce people, but not without reason. They were conscious of their strength, but did not abuse it—in this exhibiting that genuine energy of spirit, by which alone great things can be achieved."

With respect to the domestic manners of the Greeks and Romans, the traits that have been presented to us of these, and the various and authentic anecdotes and facts that might be referred to, go we think to shew that many of the ideas which we usually entertain on the subject, are no less illiberal than they are mistaken and unfounded. Our acknowledged inferiority to those wonderful people in literature and the fine arts, and, we add, in elevation of national sentiment and public virtue, are circumstances that might surely well shake our faith in the self-complacent notion that we so immeasurably excel them in point of polish and dignity of manners, as we have been in the habit of supposing that we do—the more especially, when a bloody and ferocious practice forms the main evidence on which we rely in support of this unqualified and truly sweeping pretension. That the Greeks and Romans were superior as a people to the general mass of most civilized countries of the present day, is to be presumed both from the public and careful education which their youth received, and from the superior degree of intelligence and dignity of deportment by which a free people are so generally distinguished; while the patronage bestowed by the higher classes upon literature and the fine arts, would equally shew that they must have been at least on a level in taste and refinement of mind with any of their rivals among the moderns. There are even traces of that less commendable fastidiousness of manners which scorns all control or association with inferiors, in some of the anecdotes we have of the ancient patricians of Rome. It is related of Scipio Nasica, that, having been advised by his friends, while canvassing for the consulship, to mingle more familiarly with the common people than he had been accustomed to do, he proceeded, in compliance with this counsel, to

shake hands with, and entered into conversation with a countryman, whom, however, he could not forbear asking, with an aristocratic sarcasm, whether he had not been accustomed to walk upon his hands—alluding to the hardness of his palms, which had been indurated by continued daily labor. History, however, sufficiently assures us that the general manners of the Romans were characterized by a genuine dignity and simplicity that harmoniously and beautifully associated with those nobler and sublimer attributes of virtue, genius and heroism, which have raised them to so envied a height of greatness, that it is now deemed *romantic* to talk either of emulating or rivalling them; and which have rendered them through all ages and all changes of time and opinions, the wonder and admiration of mankind. Even among the Spartans, whom we are accustomed to regard as the most rude and unpolished of the ancient republicans, decency and propriety of behaviour, respect both towards superiors and inferiors, and the most rigid decorum and chastity of manners, were carefully and sedulously inculcated on their youth; and formed a leading and an essential part of their system of education. Rugged and uncouth as we suppose this people to have been, and far before them as we consider ourselves to be in politeness and refinement, a Spartan would have been scandalized by such scenes as take place at elections, military parades, and on a thousand other occasions in certain of the most civilized and enlightened countries of the present day; and would neither have got drunk, nor swore, nor talked loud; being trained to observe the most scrupulous decency and dignity of deportment both on public occasions, and in private intercourse. Even they did not confound republican plainness with boisterousness and vulgarity of manners, but thought the first consistent with modesty and propriety of behaviour, and a punctilious and respectful deportment towards every one in their intercourse with society. The effect of this kind of training is finely illustrated in the celebrated anecdote of their Ambassadors at Athens, who rose up at the Theatre to give place to an old man who happened to approach where they were sitting. The spectators, it is related, were much struck by, and loudly applauded the action, upon which the Spartans, in their usual laconic and pithy way, observed, "that the Athenians seemed to know what politeness was, but did not practice it."

With respect to the Romans, it has been generally supposed that they excelled only in a species of austere republican virtue, which, however admirable in itself, was of too stern and rigid a character to invite imitation. The notices, however, that we have of the censorship, and of the manner in which it was administered, while they go to shew that the more ancient republicans were nearly as rigid *Puritans* in their morals and manners, as were the sect of that name in the time of a Cromwell, also prove that the tender ties and endearing affections of domestic life, were entwined in close and happy union with those hardier and heroic virtues which formed the chief ingredients and leading features of their character. The saying of the elder Cato, recorded by Plutarch, that he preferred the character of a good husband, to that of a great senator,

would alone serve to shew, that, though they did indeed tower above the rest of mankind in patriotism and stern republican virtue, they did not therefore trample under foot the more tender and entwining flowers of domestic life. Plutarch also relates of that great man, "that he was as careful not to utter an indecent word before his son, as he would have been in the presence of the Vestal Virgins;" and further mentions, that he even descended to the humble office of assisting his wife in dressing his children, before proceeding to the senate-house on his public duties. The same author records another anecdote of the Censor, which we shall quote as it will tend to throw light on what we have been saying, and may serve to amuse the reader. "He expelled Manilius, a senator," observes the historian, "for kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter; for his own part, he said, his wife never embraced him but when it thundered dreadfully; adding, by way of joke, that he was happy whenever Jupiter was pleased to thunder."

A perusal of the dialogues of Plato and Cicero, would alone be sufficient to impress us with a high idea of the courtesy and true politeness that characterized the best society of Greece and Rome in those days; and the value of these delightful and instructive performances, is not a little enhanced by the many curious and pleasing traits that they preserve of ancient habits and manners. In Cicero's Treatise, *De Natura Deorum*,\* we are particularly struck with the politeness and deference which the author is careful to make his interlocutors observe towards each other; by their forbearance and decorum in debate, and by the innocuous and playful repartees which they occasionally interchange.

We have now extended our remarks upon this topic to greater length than we had intended, while at the same time we have not gone as far into the subject as is necessary for its complete illustration.

While the cause of liberty has always enjoyed a reflected credit from the resplendent and fixed glory that surrounds the names and history of republican Greece and Rome, that cause has also suffered some impairment from the ideas usually entertained in relation to the state of morals and manners that prevailed under those celebrated republics. We have attempted to shew that some of these ideas are undoubtedly exaggerated, and others mistaken; and as we have some interest in this country in correcting the insidious and wilful misrepresentations of European writers on these subjects, we hope for the indulgence of our readers in deviating as we have done from the question more immediately before us. It would have been easy to shew, without any reference to ancient manners, that those who are most frequently engaged in quarrels, and signalized as duellists, are far from being the most accomplished models of gentlemanly polish and refinement; but that, on the contra-

\* In this Treatise, an idea is expressed, which it is supposed may have led to the invention of Printing. One of the speakers, in combatting the European opinion that the world was produced by chance, illustrates his argument by observing that if the letters of the alphabet were moulded in a metallic form, and shaken together, however perseveringly, they would never dispose themselves into a connected discourse, though originally invented for an intelligent purpose, and designed to unite in endless combinations.



ry, the best specimens of the latter character are to be found among those who are least influenced by a proneness either to give or take offence. Our main object has been to shew that the true cause of the Greeks and Romans having never fought duels, is to be found in their *system of education*—which was to implant and nourish in the minds of their youth, even to the highest point of enthusiasm, the sentiment of patriotism, which with them occupied the place and exercised the same influence that the less salutary principle of honor does in modern society. Their youth were taught to consider themselves as the children of the republic; that their lives belonged to their country, and that every private sacrifice, and the best exertions of their faculties, were due to its service. The principle of modern honor leads to a wholly opposite course both of thinking and acting—being founded in a feeling of the most concentrated selfishness, which leads each individual to consider himself in the first instance, and to regard the preservation of his personal dignity, and private reputation, as objects to which all others should be sacrificed—as if he were insulated and independent in society—and as though neither his family nor country have any claims upon him, that can for a moment conflict with the higher and more sacred duty that he owes to himself. To maintain an *honest reputation*, is, doubtless, what every one owes to his family and his country, as well as to himself; but to sacrifice every private feeling and public duty to the punctilios and often fantastic niceties of the code of modern honor, and to make the exposure of one's life in private quarrels, a test of courage and character, is surely an error the most signal and perverse that the human mind has ever yet fallen into—yet such is the creed and conduct of the modern Duellist. The country whose parent bosom has nurtured him, and covers as with religious care the sacred dust and relics of his kindred—the claims that the community in which he lives, has upon him—and, finally, all the tenderest ties of domestic love and affection, are at once forgotten or put out of view, the instant that a personal injury, however trivial, or a supposed affront occurs to awaken his vengeance, and demand redress—or a call from the most insignificant individual in society, summonses him to expose or sacrifice his life in the field of honor. So far does he carry this principle, that he would even desert the ranks of his country in time of war, to risk or ingloriously lose his life in the field of private combat, to redress a personal wrong, or resent an impeachment of his honor or courage—though both might be equally above suspicion, and beyond the reach of imputation. Such, and so opposite, are the results of the ancient and modern system of education. The former was appropriate to a Republican government, which can only be upheld and perpetuated by the valor, the public virtue, and patriotism of its citizens. The practice, therefore, on which we are commenting, is peculiarly out of place in a republic, however it may assort with the notions and manners that prevail in despotic countries. Our present plans of education are derived from monarchical governments, to which alone they are adapted. Our youth are taught to consider literary attainments and the study of the clas-

sics and sciences as the primary objects of education, while the high and sacred duties that they owe to their country, to society, and their fellow-men, the history, laws, and institutions of their native land, are subjects scarcely brought to their notice, and a knowledge of which they are left to acquire as they may. The ancients possessed what we want, systems of education adapted to free institutions, but wanted what we possess, a knowledge of the principles of civil government. Had they possessed this knowledge, it is not difficult to conceive that the ancient republics may have continued to flourish in greatness and glory even to the present moment, for their systems of education were adapted to free institutions, and were calculated to insure the perpetuity of liberty; and if the balance were fairly struck it would perhaps be difficult to say whether the advantage lay on their side or on ours. There is not a lawyer in our country who cannot draw up a bill of rights or draught a constitution better than either Fabricius or Cincinnatus could have done; but the sublime patriotism of those great men, the *spirit of liberty* that animated a Roman citizen, are we fear not quite so extensively diffused among us as education and the elements of political knowledge happily are. It is an error too prevalent in our country, to suppose that the mere diffusion of education, and the enlightenment of the people, institute sufficient safeguards to liberty, and that a nation that understands its rights, will also value and know how to defend and maintain them. History, however, will not countenance us in reposing with so much confidence as we do on this idea, but on the contrary furnishes too many examples that prove it to be but a flattering and fond delusion. Both ancient Athens and modern Venice, were quite as enlightened at the periods of their decadence and downfall, as they were in the best days of their freedom and power; and if the possession of cultivated intellect and ample sources of information could have imparted a *saving knowledge* (using these terms in a more literal sense than that in which they are usually employed) they had all the means that were necessary for perpetuating their puissance and their glory, even to the present moment. But though knowledge abounded, those mighty Cariatides that supported the Temple of Liberty, Valor, Virtue and Prowess, had long since fallen from their bases, and lay buried in the dust; and the feeble props that corruption and degeneracy had substituted in their place, at once gave way at the first shock, and the edifice was precipitated in ruin upon its foundations, leaving its magnificent wrecks to excite the wonder, the regrets, and admiration of posterity.

[To be continued.]

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#### THE LOST PLEIAD.

Not in the sky,  
Where it was seen;—  
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,  
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep—

However green,  
In its enamelled caves of mystery,—  
Shall the bright watcher have  
A place, nor once again proud station keep.

Gone, Gone !

Oh ! never more to cheer

The mariner, who holds his course alone,  
On the Atlantic, thro' the weary night,  
When the waves turn to watchers and do sleep,  
Shall it appear,  
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,  
Shining upon the shut eye o' the blue deep.

Oh ! when the shepherd on Chaldea's hills  
Watching his flocks—  
Shall look in vain for thy pale beam to come  
And warn him home—

And fall asleep upon the sky kiss'd rocks  
How shall he wake when dewy silence fills  
The scene, to wonder at the weight of night—  
E'en tho' her blessed mellowness distils,  
The quietude that never dwells with light.

Vain, Vain !

O ! less than vain, shall he look forth,  
The sailor from his barque—

(Howe'er the North

Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests lower)

To catch the light of the lost star again :—

The weary hour,

Shall be to him more weary, when the dark  
Fails to display the lone flame on her tower.

A strain—a mellow strain

Of parting music fill'd the earth and sky ;—

The stars lamenting in unborrowed pain,

That one of the selectest ones must die,

The brightest of their train !

Alas ! it is the destiny—

The shortest lived are loveliest,

And like yon full orb shooting down the sky

Are always brightest when about to fly

From the lone spot they blest !

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#### HENDRICK HEYLINNIPPER—OF AMSTERDAM.

It was certainly not the ambition of becoming a martyr to ambition, that led Hendrick Heylinnipper of Amsterdam, in the fortieth year of his age, to set out on a journey. There was something however very remarkable in the performance, considering the being by whom it was undertaken.

Hendrick Heylinnipper was born, if we may believe the central, and partly blank leaves of the old family bible, in the year of our Lord one thousand ———; of respectable parentage no doubt, could their origin be equally well ascertained. He was, to describe in himself the peculiar characteristics of his race, short and thick in person, with a head, pumpkin shape, and not falling much behind the latter, in size and capacity :—a broad bull neck, and limbs, sufficiently well corresponding below, to support the vast fabric and superstructure above.



He had been, a short while before the period at which we have thought proper to introduce him to our readers, generally held as a man well to do in the mercantile world—driving a considerable trade in chip baskets and other indispensables, at which business he was considered no little adept. From a narrow commencement and scanty means, he had, by perseverance and diligence in his occupation, risen into a moderate competence and to the notice of some of the vast and wealthy burghers that were thickly settled around him; who had a prescriptive right to smoke him with their long pipes of an afternoon in June, through all the avenues of his house. Some idea will be formed of the very considerable number of these great men who dwelt so contiguous to Hendrick, and the number of pipes used upon these *soirees* when we say, that without Hendrick made an especial journey for that purpose, to the observatory of merchants, he has not seen the blessed light of the sun for weeks together.

He was, if our recollection serves us rightly, in the thirty-eighth or thirty-ninth year of his age, and the twentieth of his professional success, when having acquired a few more pieces than were absolutely necessary to the support and comfort of his *corps magnifique*, Hendrick conceived it 'necessary and proper' to take to himself an helpmate; more to redeem the negative rib lost him by his father Adam, (for Hendrick, with increase of means, had had a proportionate increase of want) than from any real benefit or pleasure that was expected to arise from such an acquisition. Accordingly, he cast his eyes around the neighborhood if possible to discover the object of his search. Hendrick, in common with wiser folk, always believed that marriages were first made up in Heaven—he then numbered the years of his life spent in the singular number, and wondered how it should have been, that no disposition had as yet been made for him in the courts above. Consoling himself however with the language of an old English writer, of whom, by the way, Hendrick was most fashionably ignorant, he felt assured,

‘There swims no goose however grey  
That will not find a gander.’

Accordingly, though his desires led him to question, his reason taught him to feel, that as he knew not what great good Heaven had in store for him, he had better await in quiet the appointed season. In the phlegmatic German, the little god of love, unlike the Will o' the Wisp, common to us, usually appears at an advanced and comfortable age, with a long pipe, and a grave and unirritable favour of demeanor. It was during a hot night in August, that this grave and care puffing little gentleman first appeared to Hendrick. Now Hendrick had just retired to his chamber, and was comfortably seated on the big trunk that lay at the foot of the only window in his room, with a comfortable flagon of a rhenish quart beside him, the tip of his pipe in his mouth, and the bowl resting upon a neighboring chimney, when after the dispersion of one large cloud of smoke, the result of an half hours suction, and during the period when he was employed in taking in another, he heard a neighbor-

ing sash thrown up, and bending his eyes in the direction whence the interruption proceeded, he saw

‘Many fair images  
of pleasant circumstance’

before him.

From this night, we may date all the misfortunes of Hendrick. From the simple throwing up of this sash, may we discern the commencement of that long period of heart sickness which it has fallen to our lot to describe. Never had Hendrick, in the whole course of his life, experienced such a disaster. It completely unhinged his faculties—his eyes opened—his mouth became distended, his jaws forgot their powers of suction, and the huge bowl of his huger pipe, formed by the cunning hands of Hans Stopplebein, ere while his friend and neighbour, from a large and spacious sea shell, fell suddenly from the chimney upon which it had rested, and to render certain and confirm the various omens already given him, was broken into twenty-nine triangular fragments, each one twice as large as the other. This latter misfortune was as petrifying as it was unexpected. It had been a gift; it had been a delightful source and spring of many puffs of smoky enjoyment, and now it was no more. It might be thought that this event, accompanied as it was with so many omens, would have had the effect of directing the reflections of Hendrick, to the danger of bestowing any farther attention upon an object of whose evil influence the gods had given so many warnings—but alas! as in most other cases, where Fate has deigned to discover the precipice, human blindness was unable to see it. Hendrick sat motionless. He uttered no word—he gave no sign—fixed as by a statuar, there he grew—his eyes dilated to a size sufficiently large to admit egress to the corpulent Dutch soul, which seemed disposed and ready to leap from them into the wide expanse.

How long Hendrick remained in this situation, so perfectly new as it was to him, we are unable to ascertain. We know that he at length became less fixed in the earnestness of his gaze; that his knees grew relaxed beneath him; his hands no longer held on to the stem of his pipe, which at length slid from their grasp and descended upon the heads of some half-dozen of the watch below, (who shook their heads and wondered, as well they might, how Hendrick, who was known to hold on to his affairs with some tenacity, should be so regardless as to let his pipe slip through his fingers thus) his head sunk down upon his shoulder, and gradually and imperceptibly was he wrapt up in the mantle of Sleep and borne noiselessly to her popped bed room.

The next morning Hendrick was seen at an early hour, trudging down the long way in the rear of his mansion. Those who knew him, wondered at this; and their wonder increased when they found that in spite of all they could do, the honest tradesman betrayed not the slightest symptom of recognition, but passed on heedlessly and meditatively to the shop of his worthy friend Hans Stopplebein. Now Hans was an early riser himself, but it need not be wondered at when I say that this morning he was surpassed in his usual

habit by our friend Hendrick. And the repeated thumps of the latter had the effect of bringing Hans, in much haste and scarcely dressed to the window over his shop. He appeared before his visitor with a brown and yellow woollen night cap upon his head, and seeing who it was that

‘Thus unseasonably’  
‘Broke on the watches of the silent night,’

exclaimed,

‘Dunder, Drick, have the French landed?’

‘No!’ was the phlegmatic and characteristic reply.

‘Any body dead?’ ‘No.’

‘Sick?’ ‘No.’

‘Accident at home?’ ‘No.’

‘What brings you here so soon?’ ‘My legs.’

‘Well, its but loud talking through the window—wait a bit and I’ll come down. It’s about time to open shop.’

Accordingly, after a few moments delay, down came master Hans Stopplebein; who to the character of a sober and industrious mechanic, added that of a good, jovial and honest fellow, who always carried a smile in his face and a benevolent thought in his heart. Hendrick entered and sat down leisurely upon a keg, and placing his head between his hands, awaited in patience the operations of that spirit, through whose agency alone, was to be expected a further development beyond that already given, of the cause of his uneasiness. After opening the windows of his shop, and giving it that appearance of business which is frequently the parent of real employment, Hans returned, and looking attentively at the serious aspect of his friend’s face, sat down to his regular occupation before him. He well knew that

‘There was a tide in the affairs of men;’

he also knew from long experience, that said tide wanted some little time still to its turning, and he therefore awaited in quiet and without any appearance of curiosity, the outbreakings of his friend’s spirit, in a manner that would have done credit to the patience of an Indian chief in the midst of council. He had not waited very long when from various indications which he well knew how to comprehend, he saw that it was now his time to drag the dead weight from the heart of his companion, and relieve him from the nightmare that seemed evidently to have discomposed him much. Accordingly, when he thought it was time to strike the nail on the head, he turned, and in a careless manner inquired,

‘Well ’Drick, what’s the matter?’ ‘Broke my pipe, Hans.’

‘Is that all, ’Drick?’ Enough too, but not all Hans.’

‘What else?’ ‘I’m in love.’

‘Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!’

‘Yes! I’m in love, I tell you.’

‘Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!’

‘What’s there to laugh at, you dunderhead? But I knew it would so. I want a pipe.’

‘Shall have it ’Drick—less dangerous than a wife.’

‘Know it—therefore am I miserable.’



'What need you be miserable then—blind men walk into pits—you see your way.'

'Can't help it—see it, but must walk in too.'

'Bah! what's the woman?' 'A woman.'

'Pshaw—widow or maid?' 'Give me a pipe, Hans.'

The pipe was brought. Equally well made with the last, and having an advantage over it, inasmuch as it was more capacious and of greater length, we may suppose that the first enumerated evil of our friend Hendrick was more than remedied; and accordingly, we will go on to others more important to the well doing of the affected party. Here Hendrick recounted the adventure of the last evening; the coolness of the hour; the seat by the window; the resting of the pipe upon the chimney; the throwing up of the sash, and the sudden and startling appearance of that plump and corpulent German divinity who puffs the flames of love into the heart, till it burns, while the fumes ascend upwards, to the drunkenness and detriment of the head. It was the first time that this wanton, and dangerous immortal had ever made his appearance to Hendrick. And Hendrick was disposed to set down his sudden apparition at this time, to his recent murmers at the neglect of providence, in not previously providing him with a helpmate. This dumpy little god now appeared in the centre of a large green cheese, that was even then in the press and under the management of a neat and buxom damsel, known as a frolicksome and hilarious maiden, apt at sport and mischievous intention and withal of a very humoursome and adventurous inclination. Now Hendrick had always been excessively well disposed towards green cheese—his eyes sparkled as he saw it, and his mouth watered; while his heart gathering from his bowels the accents of necessity, joined in the sympathetic emotion, and the maiden became lovely in his sight. 'How delightful,' thought Hendrick, 'to be able to make green cheeses at home—to pay no coin to that ill-favored dog Basle Dunstercolme—it must be done!' As these ideas floated about vaguely in his mind, others equally cogent came to thieir aid. 'My pipe will be lit—my can of beer filled; I will be rocked to sleep, and kissed to awaken—and'—here the maiden moved, and Hendrick saw that she had an arm as white as the curd she expressed, and he forgot to puff and swallowed the smoke that he should have ejected. She turned again, and he saw that she had a round and tempting face with a pair of red lips, and a laughing eye:—'I love red lips and laughing eyes,' said Hendrick, and he swallowed another mouthful of smoke:—then did the maiden turn full to the window and throw up the sash, and then did the moonbeams light upon a neck, compared with which, they were black—and then did Hendrick stretch forwards, merely to see how far the moonbeams would have the impudence to go, and then—and then—the pipe was broken.

Thus ran the sorrowful tale of Hendrick's misfortune; and after taxing the oft repeated condolences of his companion to the utmost extent of his sympathy, Hendrick assumed the possession of his new pipe, and began liesurely to retrace his steps to the centre of

his place of employment. Here he commenced his usual labors of the day ; but his mind and fingers and body, as a whole, seemed no way disposed towards labor. In vain did he seethe off the broad shavings necessary to the preparation of his boxes. The drawing knife was too sharp, and the shavings were cut off too short, or the knife was too dull, and could not be made to cut at all—and at length Hendrick threw them all by in despair, took off his apron, laid it manfully over the long pin of the window ; stuck his hat firmly and with a manner of fierceness upon his head, and strode forth again into the street. His walk was not now directed towards the shop of his friend Hans. Hendrick now took his course to the identical house, where the sash that had been productive of so much evil had been thrown up. As he passed the narrow court that lay between, he observed a large crowd of boys therein collected, and approaching them nearly, discovered the stem of his pipe, so cruelly demolished the night before. Some of the smaller boys were amusing themselves by crawling through the apperture, and all of them were enveloped in wonder at its unnatural exhibition in public. Hendrick did not stay to look, after he had made this discovery, but kept the even tenor of his course until he was fairly housed in the domicile of that spectre which had so frightened him the night before.

Hendrick being well to do in the world as before intimated, received of course a hearty welcome from the inmates. Here he remained for some while, until the evil one made his second appearance in the form of the very green cheese and in the same hands in which it had appeared the night before. And Hendrick now came into nearer contact with the "legion." The cheese was cut, and Hendrick felt the hand tremble that brought him

"his digestion,"

and Hendrick's trembled too, solely for sympathy.

At length with a heart heavier than before, Hendrick took his way home. His departure was but for a season—he soon returned—his visits became constant and regular, and night seldom came down, without finding the workshop of Hendrick shut up and that worthy deliberately seated before the broad window that looked on the canal, in the house of his newly made acquaintance Dolph De Ruyter.

It may be supposed that the form, in which that Demon of mischief (who practices chiefly among young women and beardless boys, yet whose extravagancies are sometimes directed to the unity of the two extremes of age and prurience with childhood and passion) appeared to Hendrick was that of a passably fair and laughing damsel, daughter of the aforesaid Dolph De Ruyter. The passion of our Hero, did not decrease a jot by a nearer contact with its object, but unfortunately for him, became, growing by what it fed on, so violent, that the maiden herself, who is seldom blind on these occasions, was very soon full mistress of the secret yearnings of the heart of Hendrick. Unhappily for him, there was a sad dog of a fellow, who lived not far from the place of her abode, who

independent of a smart and pleasant exterior, was master of a graceful carriage, and that light, well adapted, and cunning glibness of tongue which does not often fail of a monstrous influence over the little hearts of little misses generally. This stripling, whom for convenience, we shall call Lisle Dickenwrath, was often as we may suppose in the neighbourhood of the fair Miss Dorothy De Ruyter. He too, was in the habit of bestowing his presence of an evening upon this lady. This acted upon our hero, as a sedative that effectually repelled any disposition which he might have to saying in the words of the old Valentine,

‘If you loves I, as I loves you,  
No knife, &c.

At length the happy opportunity arrived. It caught Hendrick kindly seated upon a low bench, his two arms extended, and a large hank of cotton thread upon them, which the maiden was assiduously endeavouring to wind upon an already large ball. Hendrick had yawned several times with fatigue—his hands, one by one had sunk low in the earnestness of his labor, and the wicked one with many cruel jerks and pulls endeavoured to bring them again into a proper height, unheeding the mournful looks of her wretched lover. She seemed accordingly to enjoy his fatigue and inquietude. With a leer, that spite of Hendrick’s love, he thought had something devilish in it, she ridiculed the weakness and imbecility of any man who could not hold up a dozen hanks of osnaburg in succession unfatigued. Hendrick bore all this patiently, as may be supposed, until the fifth bundle of thread was wound off; when startled at seeing her preparing another for his comfort, and struck with the grateful opportunity, he prepared for the glorious climax in the lives of the unmarried. There were no unnecessary parties in the presence. Father, mother, rival and relation, were most acceptably absent, when Hendrick thought proper to make the important disclosure of the secret of his heart. Every thing seemed favorably disposed for this event—there was no long space between the parties which a timid man might have found some difficulty in travelling over. His pipe had just been replenished and was resting delicately upon the raised, and prominent lip of the lover—and it now only needed accent and impetus, to do the deed. In a moment the situation of Hendrick was changed—he looked wildly about the room and seeing no appearance of interruption, sunk upon his knees and clasped the hands of the maiden, containing the large ball of thread, in his own, and in an earnest, wild and immeasurable tone of voice, that might, to one not a spectator, have been taken for the roaring of the Nemean Lion, began with—‘Katrine—I have broken my best pipe—I have left the shop—I do not work in it—I have lost my custom—I have quit my friend Hans Stopplebein—I have made myself miserable and uncomfortable to do, and I have got myself in this woful misfortune, and all for love to you Katrine!’

It has been said, and from the little experience which we have in life, we believe with some appearance of truth, that in all affairs of



the heart, where men and women are concerned, this latter party is always capable of hearing a private question, long before said question is actually spoken—now if this be true as a postulate, then does it follow that the fair Katrine was perfectly aware of what she had to expect from the various and melancholy and silently speaking movements of the muscles of our friend's face, and the flexible and even trembling movements of his feet and hands. As I have said before, having with much care, by a gradual and progressive movement, brought one knee almost in contact with the floor, by thrusting the foot and leg which belonged to it, some distance behind the stool on which he sat, so as to lessen the severity of the descent, Hendrick knelt down with many hopes and apprehensions before the fair Katrine.

Now the fair maiden did not, on this so important occasion in a lady's life, as is the wont of the fair, frown and blush, blush and frown, look no—and stammer yes, through mistake. Alas! for the hopes of poor Hendrick she did no such thing, but received the whole proffer of love, so liberally and in such huge quantities poured forth with the utmost carelessness and coolness, and looking on the wooer with the utmost gravity for some seconds without answering, the natural disposition of the jade predominated and she burst into a loud and unabated round of laughter, which so startled and astonished the poor courtier at her feet that with mouth distended and eyes expanded, he found himself unable for a time to rise or utter a syllable. Her merriment seemed to "grow the more, the more t'was exercised;" and Hendrick who had waited for some time in the hope of its abatement, now so far recovered from his stupor (his astonishment still continued) as to leave the position in which he had made so ridiculous a figure, and resolutely and manfully to approach the laughing maiden. Warmed and invited, rather than discouraged by opposition, his pride was now engaged in its own preservation of that dignity, which must suffer in man or brute, by a rejection of its services. But the fair one seemed unwilling to admit his nearer approach to her person. Eluding him from corner to corner as he drew nigh—he at length deliberately laid his new pipe across the part of the room in which she stood, so as to prevent her escape, then sallied to the trenches of the enemy. Alas! the evil one was too powerful—what avails the warnings of destiny when the darkness is abroad, like that of Egypt over the understandings of men! In a moment the cruel damsel had raised the pipe up to a height sufficient to allow of a moderate impetus from the swing of her arm, and its own weight in its determination to the centre, then bringing it down sharply and with a whizzing noise that rung in the ears of Hendrick for months after she brought the unlucky lover to the ground and made her escape. He was thus discarded in his first suit, with his head, not his heart broken.

"I will never love green cheese again," said our hero, as with a bloody head, he returned mournfully to his silent dwelling. "I abominate cherry lips—white necks are only fit for a halter—and white arms are never pretty if they are not light. I will never love green

cheeses again. I care not if my pot of beer is filled at home or abroad—Basle Dunstercome is a clever fellow—hates women, shall have my money and good word.”

Thus with something of the spirit of a philosopher did our hero meditate the way home. We will consider him safely housed, cured of his wounds—head and heart—and one who has lost all relish for green cheese. Let not this be thought strange or wonderful—greater changes have taken place in less than one night. Black hair has turned white in that time and this event that we have here narrated is one much more reasonable and resting not on the very slight evidence that is brought to the support of the other.

The adventure of Hendrick in breaking the ice of uncertainty by having his head broken with certainty, was very soon in general circulation. This was truly mortifying to Hendrick and drawn out too with so many exaggerations that it became still more galling to his pride. He endured it, however, with the patience of the devil-tempted-Job, and would no doubt have almost forgotten his follies of the past time, but for the marriage of the white armed, white necked, cherry lipped and heavy fisted Katrine with his rival, Lisle Dickenwrath. This affair, while it brought to recollection his own rejection, mortified the bosom of the rejected one still more when it became so accompanied with the favorable reception, and success of another.

Yet was this too borne with the utmost equanimity and forbearance. Hendrick returned more assiduously to his business; his former habits of life that seemed to have been merely thrown off for experiment, were reassumed; and gradually and by imperceptible but certain degrees did the former tone of mind and body return to the invigorated and love-defying Hendrick. The only symptom of remembrance which he appeared to afford to his former mania was the regular habit which he now seemed to adopt as a rule of daily conduct, namely, the taking of the wonted seat upon the great trunk near his window, thrusting his long pipe over against the house of his more successful rival and mistress, and puffing whiff after whiff most manfully against it. At length, the husband of the fair Katrine, whether from jealousy of his wife, knowing the former intimacy with Hendrick, and from witnessing the close observation which that worthy maintained from the window aforesaid; or from a disposition to worry with his own triumph his less fortunate rival, placed himself at the opposite window of his own house, and with a pipe equally large with that of Hendrick, began puffing as assiduously, and at the same time with our hero. Puff for puff seemed the mutual determination between the parties. Now would the smoke of Hendrick's pipe ascend in a beautiful and curling column gracefully tapering upwards to the clouds, and now would the smoke from the pipe of his neighbour, ascend with similar exquisiteness. Sometimes would his smoke, while that of Basle Dickenwrath, grew up into a beautiful and spiry column, sink down and spread sluggishly about the bowl of his pipe at other times the situation would be reversed. Now would the heart of

Hendrick triumph within him to see its ascent, above his enemy's; and now would he fume as it kissed the earth in its downward tendencies. These were however little calculated as triumphs or defeats to render the equanimity of either party a model for the statue of good Humor. From a contest with the smoke which ascended from their pipes, as a natural transition, they directed their attention to the pipes themselves. Accordingly, Hendrick raised his pipe somewhat above his antagonist's—this success was momentary however, for Basle immediately raised his above that of Hendrick. Then did the latter raise again—again did Basle raise above him—still higher went Hendrick, his enemy followed—again did Hendrick pitch with a long stretch of arm the emulous pipe into the air; and again did Basle with a diligent perseverance follow:—their determination seemed to be that one should certainly have the advantage, and if perseverance alone could have claimed any preference in our regards, we should have had to distribute it equally between the two. At length after long continued effort on both sides, the pipe of Hendrick obtained the advantage and rested on that of his opponet holding it down and preventing all further ascent on his part. This perhaps was carrying the matter to too great an extent. It was in fact an infringement of territory—and redress of course must follow. This Basle took upon himself; and seldom in fact has a catastrophe of a serious matter ever accorded better with its cause. Slowly and decisively did the revengeful Basle lower his representative pipe, and while Hendrick was congratulating himself for remaining as he thought master of the field, suddenly and with a short and well directed blow brought it to bear upon the pipe of his adversary, breaking it into 137 pieces and thus insiduously obtaining a victory, that had before exercised all his skill and ingenuity in vain. This misfortune, was considered in Amsterdam in the same light that the hewing off a knight's spurs in the twelfth century would have been. The loss of one's love was nothing to it. Hendrick could not support himself under the indignity—it was too much for him—he became sick—took an emetic—threw up his business and evacuated his country.

And thus gentle reader have we endeavoured to show some few of the many causes which have conspired to the population of these good United States of America. For here Hendrick took up his abode, and more successful than in the season of his boyhood, here did he find an helpmate unto the full countenance of the dim hours of his old age.

GEOFFREY GOOSEQUILL.

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[We have been favored with the following verses from the pen of a young Lady of this city. They are pretty, and 'afford a promise which, considering the youth of the fair writer, we should be happy to see realized.]

"THE PRIDE OF THE FLOWERS."

Thou may'st speak of the rose, when 'tis brightest in bloom,  
When it sheds on the air, all its sweetest perfume ;  
Thou may'st say that this flowret, when bath'd with the dew  
Is the fav'rite of nature,—and loveliest to view ;  
Thou may'st tell of the lily, as white as the snow,  
Which to kiss the soft breeze, is now bending so low ;  
Thou may'st say that this flowret, so graceful and pale,  
Is the sweetest that grows by the stream in the vale.

Thou may'st speak of the tulip, so gaudy and gay,  
And the delicate riches its petals display ;  
Yet look on this flower when the sun-beam is bright,  
How it fades and it withers beneath the warm light !  
Thou may'st speak of the jasmine with odorous breath,  
And the spotless white laurel for victory's wreath,  
Of the spice-scented pink, and the yellow primrose,  
And that sweet eastern flower that at night only blows.

But I'll tell of the coronets April can bring,  
Young violets all wet with the tears of the Spring ;  
Sure the loveliest flowret that grows in the wild  
Is the fav'rite of nature—her own modest child !  
When the rude winds invest it, it droops its meek head,  
Amid the green leaves of its own humble bed—  
But when dew drops descend in its bosom of blue,  
'Tis the pride of the Flowers—the most delicate too !

FLORANTHE.

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SALOON OF DRURY LANE.

WE are monstrous fond of theatricals. We lounged away the nights for three successive winters at the New-York and Philadelphia Theatres, and found that our appetite for plays, like most other appetites, "grew by what it fed on." We had waited very patiently for ninety days, the opening of the winter theatres in London. The Haymarket and English Opera House were not without their attractions for August and September. Liston and Mathews were excellent in their way ; and Braham's songs might have "charmed the raven down of darkness till it smiled ;" but we were impatient of this postponement of the higher gratifications of the drama. We had a strong and restless desire to look upon boards that had been graced and immortalized by the genius of a Garrick, a Barry ("the silver toned" Barry) a Macklin, and a Kemble. The gorgeous associations awakened by the names of a Siddons and O'Neal, threw a charm over every object we encountered, as we slowly (having anticipated by an hour the opening of the doors) but anxiously pursued our way down Russell street to the pit of Drury Lane. Here we found (not a little to our surprise and mortification) some thirty or forty persons collected together in a sort of anti-room ; where they contrived to while away the time with oranges and nuts—occasionally casting a wistful glance at the great door, which

at the appointed moment would be thrown open to afford to the motley multitude the privileges of an audience. "A bill, sir? only a penny,"—was the salutation we received the instant we approached the crowd. It was scarcely six o'clock, and one long hour was yet to elapse (for there is positively no retreat, when once fairly lodged in the dense mass of stubborn mortals around you) before our ears should be greeted by the harsh music of the hinges.

The English are certainly greater ruffians in a crowd, than any other people in the world; and they sometimes experience this to their cost. The first day of the laying-in-state of the Duke of York, our Landlord in the Strand, begged the favor of us take his wife (a little dumpy woman, about four feet) under our charge; as he should be prevented from escorting her himself. We did not much relish this proposal, but as a lady was in the case, we were bound to assent, and to acknowledge the honor done us. Madame was in readiness at seven o'clock the next morning, and we sat out with no very flattering prospect before us. The "good people" were posting to St. James's, through every avenue in the vicinity; and it were no "extravagant arithmetic" to say, that for every ten steps we took, we got an hundred thumps—which threatened in the end, to leave as many *bumps*. We first tried to force an entrance through Cleveland Row; but were soon obliged to retreat with *flying colors*—as the lady, no doubt, well remembers. "O, dear—I don't think we shall get in." "Afraid not, Madame." We managed to get through the Park, however, (St. James's) and boldly facing to the right about, we again encountered the enemy—presenting a still more formidable front. They had collected in the area fronting the palace, where they formed themselves into another solid, dead square of impenetrable bodies, which seemed to defy approach. Here, we do confess, we felt some little anxiety for our fair charge; but as she seemed bent on gratifying her curiosity (and when did woman ever chide or check her curious propensities?) we were solicitous not to disappoint her, if possible. "They have killed him! they have killed him!"—exclaimed a frantic female, rushing from the crowd—raving and tearing every thing before her, like a lioness robbed of her whelps. "Who, who is killed?" "O, for God's sake, do not press so!" "I can't get out, and shall faint!" "I've lost my shoes—mud up to my ankles!" "You are tearing my bonnet to pieces!" "In love of heaven—I shall be crushed to death!" "Have mercy on us!" "O Lord!"—"O my gown is going!" "Ah!" "O! O!"

Such were some of the sundry dolorous ejaculations that saluted the startled ears of Mrs. G——, whose resolution, candor requires we should say, appeared to wax weaker in proportion to the increase, in strength and frequency, of this somewhat formidable and forbidding "voice of a great multitude." We had, however, by this time managed to insinuate ourselves (not indelicately, however) into the very heat and heart of the dense mass around us; which afforded no faint illustration of the *descensus averni* of the poet. We were now about midway between the gate of the palace, and that which had ushered us into the infernal square. "Don't be alarmed,

Ma'am ; the crowd will force its way, and we shall be carried with it, and so get in." "O Lord—O dear!—pray let us get out—the heat—for mercy's sake, let us get out?" The lady's situation was altogether a perplexing one. Our arm was round her waist, for the tight corset and unpardonable *bone*, sufficiently assured us upon that point. In short, prest as we were by the crowd, we were constrained to press the lady. From the same cause, the pressure was returned ; and altogether we—"Do you really wish to get out?" "O yes—pray let us get out!"

The accents of a female voice in supplication, are to our mind wholly irresistible. There is something so natural, yet so touching in the pleading tones of a woman, be the boon for which she sues what it may, that we do think, in sober seriousness, we could yield our life up at her hands, did she *woo* us to make the sacrifice. Need we say, that we succeeded in extricating Mrs. G—— at the expense, to be sure, of bonnet and pelisse? The scene would have been sufficiently deterring, had we not frequently encountered others of a similar nature (having now been eighteen months in London)—of which the first specimen presented itself at the pit of Drury Lane. We had heard a great deal of the London *pickpockets*, as being uncommonly expert at their vocation. Our pockets, however, held out defiance to the arts of those gentry, being—empty! There was no public Crier here, as under the piazzas of Covent Garden—to bid you, "Beware of pickpockets!" while, at the same time, each man, and woman too (for there is always a due proportion of the sex at the pit and gallery doors,) kept what is called, a "sharp look out"—a not inappropriate phrase, seeing that sharpers are in the case. We found ourselves in gentle contact with a pretty young creature, who seemed quite at her ease ; while we felt (foolishly enough, perhaps,) somehow somewhat awkwardly ; and at one moment would have given the world to have been released from the dilemma. In the course of a week, however, we became sufficiently familiarized with such situations ; and, to tell the truth, found them on the whole not quite so disagreeable.

The great door now yawned—and, slowly unclosing its enormous folds, the terrible rush of the crowd propelled us onward so forcibly, that we had only to take care of our ribs and arms ; and save ourselves from suffocation. Ah, thought we, how unlike the *free admission* (yet not gratuitous) of the Park and Chatham, is this perplexing labyrinth of Drury Lane! Our bones, to say the truth, were very nearly broken, in spite of the efforts we made to preserve them. The women seemed sadly out of sorts ; while it was curious and amusing to see the delight and anxiety they evinced the instant they got between the benches—adjusting their hair and dress—glancing first at the boxes—and then at the boards—and, pin in mouth, quickly questioning each other :—"Lost your glove, Mary?" "No, but that handkerchief George gave me's gone"—exhibiting, in short, all the manifestations of that fluttered spirit, which is so peculiarly romantic ; but which, we are sorry to say, does not *merely* flutter at all times ; but not unfrequently takes wings unto itself, and flies away with the sweet body which it o'erinforms. Our brain



had been a little affected by the rush and crush of the crowd ; for we had been at least ten minutes in the house, before we recollected that we were standing in the pit of old Drury ! The Deities of the place were looking down upon us from the fifth tier and gallery, whence they were evidently enjoying the appearance of things below, which they seemed, somehow or other, not a little to despise ; yet it was rather provoking that they should be permitted to *throw their contempt* upon us, as at intervals they sometimes did. We became perfectly amazed at the spectacle around us after having devoted a couple of hours to the contemplation of it ; for, like every thing else of great or grand, it required time to enable us to take in the properties and proportions of the splendid interior of the huge building. The pit of the London theatres (the King's theatre excepted,) like that indeed of most other theatres, is of course unfashionable—so that upon our admission into it, we looked around upon circles silent, but not sad ; empty, but not beggarly ; and which, in the course of an hour, were to be adorned and dignified by dukes and dutchesses, perhaps—always by the elegant and affluent ; for a poor devil like ourself must needs be content with his *three and six* allotment. We employed the interval which must elapse before the arrival of those who were to grace the dress circle, in exploring and pouring upon the vast proportions and magnificent decorations of the building. There were at once the five galleries—the great whole of the far famed house—majestically expanding around and above us. But they looked cold ; and the associations of a *Theatre-Royal*, came in aid of the feeling of *reserve*, which, however strange it may seem to some of our acquaintance, checked and controlled us in the very midst of the freedoms and *divertisements* of the place. We perceived at once the influences of that spirit which in all countries under regal sway, knows so well how to refine upon the raw materials of life ; until, out of fabrics the most stubborn and unseemly often, it puts forth specimens the most perfect to enchant the senses, and too frequently to enchain the mind. Life, in the old world, “ is ever new, and ever young ; ” presenting appearances the most varied—a sort of April day of alternate cloud and sun. Such it seems to him, at least, who looks abroad upon the great mass as it circles around, above, and below him—for, in certain high latitudes of the moral, as in the natural world, there is one perpetual day ; with no other interventions to sully or sadden its light, than those which grow out of the passions—dangerous elements, it is true, that acquire strength from their own struggles ; and shrink from that repose which is not rest—but an irksome calm, that does not destroy less surely, because more slowly than the storm. The fine Orchestra before us, after a few gentle preludes, suddenly exploded in one loud burst of music—when, almost simultaneously, the fifth gallery sent up its joyous acclamation in return ; producing, as the sound rolled and replicated in the immense void that mantled above and about us, an effect altogether striking—and not a little impressive. And now the boxes begin gradually to fill. Do you see that gentleman in black, with his most exquisitely adjusted cravat, and curiously wrought opera-glass ? Observe his deportment, air, atti-

tude—no half bred pretender he, who flatters himself that a profusion of fine dress and appropriate accompaniments, are sufficient to enable him to pass current with the crowd—no, he is an English gentleman; and, take our word for it, an English gentleman is a very superior sort of person. Who will deny that there is a charm attached to elegance of manners? What though, as is often alledged, there be deceit and want of heart beneath the polished surface that mantles so pleasingly before you—who cares a sixpence for that? Is feeling ever in requisition, except with its possessor? Are not those usually the least agreeable, who are the most sensitive? Mr. Dugald Stewart assures us, that sensibility enters not into the formation of the taste which he terms philosophical. It is equally dispensable in the cultivation and practice of polished manners, conversation, &c. How is it possible for a man to be agreeable, who allows himself to be at the mercy of every inadvertency on the part of others. The very essence and definition of politeness, consists in an inaccessibility to such accidents. Is a slur or a sarcasm levelled at him; the polite man hears it not. Does a boor or any other brute turn his back upon him in a drawing-room, the well-bred man is blind to the rudeness he never practices. Now a Backwoodsman, or any other man of feeling, would turn the Salon or Coterie into a gladiatorial ring, did you but touch his toe, or any other part of the sensitive man—the toe, by the bye, is a very critical member. The fact is, that brutality is too often mis-called and mistaken for force and firmness of character; in the same way that elegance is set down as a thing superficial and unfeeling; and, what is not a little conclusive upon the subject is, that it is never the polite man who rails at the brute, it is the brute always who rails at the polite man. We have so often noted this, that we must be pardoned the digression we have fallen into; and will now proceed to fall into the Saloon. But how shall we describe it? Like every thing else that dazzles, it has left a confused and rather vague, but not the less strong or lasting impression on our senses. We know that to all who may have partaken of Jelly and Sherry in that room, we shall appear censurable in attempting to recal and recount the scene. The Saloons are perfectly distinct, and almost detached appendages of the two great London Theatres. The chain of communication is the most complicated imaginable; and we remember having lost upon one or two occasions, the clue to those amazing labyrinths. To one passing from the pit, or the first range of boxes (the *dress-circle*, as it is emphatically and appropriately termed,) the transition is striking, and truly romantic. And then there is that most dangerously seductive consciousness attending the initiation into those grand Mysteries (not Moralities,) of being secure from the censorship of solemn eyes, in a place from which exclusion would be considered a hardship; and where enjoyment is a perpetual feast of the senses. Imagine a long vaulted room of elegant proportions and gorgeous pillars—curtained, carpeted, and reflected in all its parts and points by large clear mirrors, dispensing lights equalled only by the illumined faces you see blushing, glowing, brightening there around you! Place yourself upon the

deep rich floor-cloth—which, in yielding to, seems conscious of the pressure of the foot—that mantles before the polished grate of clinking coal;—give to all your senses their entire latitude;—and if you preserve them sound and sane for the night, believe me you are more or less than man—or woman either. The scene has perhaps no parallel any where but in the South of Europe; nor could any of those gorgeous pictures

‘That charmed the charming Mary Montague,’

have surpassed in their character and coloring this night dream of old Drury! Magnificent stairs, the polished surfaces of whose steps reflect the lamps together with the light of innumerable chandeliers suspended from the centre of an area whose square or circumference we shall not now venture to compute, conduct you to this retreat of an hundred Calypsos! Then there are the wines, the coffee, and the cakes;

‘With Jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon.’

all contributing to stimulate and to enslave the senses. What is the boasted reason of man, and what the sublime virtues of woman, when thrown into contact and collision with these excitements and incitements of a too seductive and seducing world! It is only matter of surprise that there should be so much virtue upon earth, when we are thus eternally tempted to forget that there is another and more perfect Heaven above us. The more we know of the world, the more lenient we are or should be in our judgments of others. And thus it is that those whose actual experience is limited to the narrow circle of comparatively secluded spots of earth, however enlightened they may be by books, are the last persons who should venture upon calculations in morals, while they will generally be found to be the first, and of course, the least liberal or acute.—They have imbibed, often accidentally, always mechanically, a set of preconceptions unaided and unenlightened by any reflex act of the mind; and these are regularly and methodically filed and stored up in a brain thick enough to retain that which has been instilled into it—no particle of which is ever permitted to escape the dense receptacle—but incapacitated for availing itself of those after suggestions and manifold collateral helps, which nothing but extended observation can furnish, and genius only knows how to appreciate and profit by.

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#### THE MINIATURE.

I've thought upon it long—it has been still,  
However I have wander'd in all else,  
The polar star that brought me home again.  
I've worship'd it—and do regard it now  
With a beseeching reverence. It needs no touch  
Nor colour from the artists brush, to make  
Its features sensible. They have grown up  
In more intense embodyings:—pearl and gold  
Are but slight gear to gird its riches in—  
It is the picture of a delicate love,  
Fair Lady, and I've set it in my heart!—  
—Didst ever sit to the limner, my sweet maid?



## MENTAL PORTRAIT.

The circumstance which served to distinguish his mind from most others with which I had been conversant, was that of his entertaining upon every subject—every subject, at least, that admitted of reflection—a *leading idea*, which he seemed to propose to himself as a mathematician would a problem or proposition ;—and, in nine cases out of ten, this idea, if not strictly true, was at least, ingenious—not perversely, but philosophically ingenious—and served to evince the high order of his mind. A common intellect deals always in the petty details of a subject ; or, at least, reasons at random ; and, armed frequently with stubborn facts, will sometimes succeed in arresting the argumentative career of the finest mind ; it can see nothing beyond the facts themselves—it takes them as they are, and defies you to draw any other inference from them, than that to which common sense gives its sanction. The grand characteristic of the higher order of minds, is to overlook, in a great measure, the minute relations of a subject, and to consider the subject in itself—free from those little perplexities which only tend to arrest the understanding in the first instance ; and the great light in which such minds usually place their subjects, will often serve to explain those *nugae difficiles*, which it is the business of the common intellect to unravel in the commencement—after which it stops short, and is done with the matter. This striking peculiarity of the mind we have undertaken briefly to depict, evinced itself so invariably, that it sometimes had the appearance of a happy intuitiveness, while it was, in fact, the result of habits of frequent and profound reflection :—nor, indeed, could it have well been otherwise, except we suppose the case of immediate and actual inspiration. This peculiarity pervaded his writings and conversation alike ; and if it served to impart an air of sublimity to grave subjects, it gave an interest and a grace to lesser and lighter matters. This leading feature of the mental man, whether he appeared as the broacher or supporter of a question in morals, the essayist upon a fashionable topic, or the poet put in requisition to eke out an acrostic, was still to be detected ; and was, indeed, not the less manifest on either matter. If this main idea was sometimes wrong—either outweighed by the evidence of facts, or analogically defeated as an hypothesis, still it had the merit of ingenuity of a higher sort ; and, though proved to be an error, it still appeared philosophically true.

I am inclined to think, that there was some connexion between the mental sagacity and high moral purity of the man. The moral light of his mind, when evolved in discussion, never failed to present you with all the nicer shades of the moral man—as the wind, in passing over the prairies, enables the sun to search out and bring to light their beautiful and many colored hues. A bad mind is usually consistent with itself ; and, accordingly, when called upon to exhibit in connexion the lives and opinions of great men, it fixes upon the worst motives assignable to human conduct. A poet

sits down to give you an ideal picture, and presents you with a sketch from fancy, and not feeling—for he may be a bad man. Sterne was a brute, as regards the affections—but who would have judged him one from his writings? The case is wholly different with the man who describes men—not as they might be—but as they have been, and are. Such a man, morally disqualified for his task, sees only the grosser parts of his subject; he has no tact to discern, and no taste to appreciate—no *faith*, in short, to which he can reconcile any thing either truly good or great. If an action admit of two constructions, he places upon it the worst; and if the action be palpably a bad one, he seeks to deepen its criminality. If “evil communications corrupt good manners,” no less than good morals, these corruptions, are in either case, so many clouds that in time darken the perceptions of the mind—or, which is the same thing, interpose themselves between the mind and the object it would investigate—whereby the truth is either not attained at all, or but imperfectly and falsely. A bad man, whatever may be his mind, still “sees through a glass darkly;” and, presented to his mental vision through that clouded medium, the sages and heroes of Plutarch appear as so many monstrous creations of delirium, or a dream. Philopoemen he will denounce as a savage; and Solon as a half-witted pretender. Observation will be found to confirm this fact; and, if it need an illustration, a sufficiently obvious one is afforded in the character of the debauchee—whose finer edge of feeling gone, disqualifies him for appreciating virtue in the form of woman. If it be at once the object and the test of true eloquence to distort the truth, as it has been contended, and “make the worst appear the better reason,” the effects of an immoral life upon the mind are the same; having once undergone such discipline, it can no more arrive at a clear and just appreciation of that which is good, than can an inhabitant of Owyhee or Sumatra be brought to approve of and adopt the modes and manners of Paris, London, or New-York. I speak of the aid which the affections afford to the understanding in all questions in morals, and many in letters;—leaving the imagination, for the most part, out of the case: though even in those regions over which it presides, they will be found to afford a “cheering and a guiding light.” The distinct, and frequently sublime apprehension and appreciation of an important or interesting truth, which would take possession of his mind, had the necessary effect of leading him to dwell upon the subject before him, to a degree which a mind not permitted to see it in the same point of view, would perhaps have pronounced fatiguing; but which rarely failed to reflect a portion of the fine light shed abroad upon his own mind, on that of the person with whom he conversed—provided the latter had sufficient patience to wait for the transmission; and his mind was not too dense to be penetrated by the ray, or turn it aside.

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The Art of Tying the Cravat, &c. preceded by a History of the Cravat, from its origin to the present time, and remarks on its influence on Society in general. Philadelphia, pp. 72.

IN discussing questions of mere utility, we are frequently led to remark, the utter inattention of those engaged in such discussions, to those incidental portions of a subject which may precede, follow or grow out of it. When an individual has directed the attention of the public, to what is absolutely necessary to its welfare, it is seldom the case, that he enters by detail into an account of the several stages of reasoning by which he arrives at his conclusions. In most instances, and among the sceptical and all those who do not take the trouble and perhaps have not the ability, to reason for themselves, it is the authorities adduced by a writer in support of his argument which gives it character or credit. It is not merely sufficient to say, such is the fact, and such it will be to all eternity; but we are all curious to know, how such comes to be the fact, by what process of thought, the knowledge of the fact is acquired, and how we may depend upon the authorities from whose accounts our information has been drawn. Now as the many refer all the toil of thought and research to the few; or rather, as the few do in most cases endeavor to instruct the many, the latter have very wisely determined to be satisfied with the knowledge thus obtained, and leave all the trouble of inquiry to the few who have thus kindly volunteered to procure it for them. This is the grand relation, in which the great earthly mass of the people, and the small spiritual mass of their informing members stand to each other. It is idle to blame men for not thinking—who would have a dog and bark himself? Besides the reproach does not altogether seem correct, seeing that it most usually comes from that class of men, who are delegated and employed by the people for this very purpose: But seeing that it is so, and that writers will abuse the people, and that the people in just retaliation will let the writers starve who abuse them—and who would be disposed to give bread to one, that in return would expose his natural or acquired deformities—let us sit down quietly with the full assurance, that writers must write; that the people must read; that they are not bound to pay for that which they do not relish, nor feed the dog that bites them—that they are not bound to think, having persons employed for that purpose—and that said writers, thus employed, have not done their duty in presenting their employers with the mere *ita lex*, but must enter into a full detail, of—how it came to be so—who or what made it so,—why it should be so, and why, if it is so, it should not be so!

This is an important duty—a high responsibility for the mere poor devil author. It is well calculated to arouse his faculties if he has any—his genius, his hope, his apprehension and his pride. It all depends on himself. He is the only public servant who finds no excuse in contingencies. No unavoidable and unlooked for circumstances are ready at hand for his relief. The faculty of spirit and the means of success must be in his own possession, and he alone is to blame should a failure be the result of all his labors. Under this dread—depending on so finite a creature as himself, can we



wonder that multitudes daily fall victims to their ambition and in place of the shout of applauding thousands, hear nothing but the derisive laughter of a mob!

This misfortune happens to men in different degrees. To the mere play-write, who vamps up a five act Tragedy, full of blood and wounds and laughable terrors; or a three act drama, of many impossibilities; or a comedy abounding in serious pleasantries, the damnation of a night is the ultima Thule to his ambition. To the dull historian who goes over other men's lives instead of enjoying his own, it is perhaps less offensive still. The good public turn over his pages and agree with a smile of contempt, that if he was fool enough to write, they will save themselves the imputation of a similar folly by taking care that they shall not be suspected of reading them. The fate of the Novel writer is more dreadful—he is perhaps, on failure, denied a green silk back and cover to his bantling, and may perchance enter every boudoir in town without being able to discover his favorite, turned down at a happy passage, delightfully horrible, and blistered with the tears of sympathetic sensibility. To the unfortunate poet, a fate very similar is assigned, rendered perhaps more acute by the reflection, that unlike the novel writer who may by the aid of book-sellers puffs be again resuscitated, with him, to be once dead is to be always dead. But to the unfortunate Brummell, or Ackerman, or Almack, or Bell, or to come nearer home, Watson, or Scofield, or any other *maker of men*, a failure is everlasting torment. To fail in the establishment of a new fashion is to fail in the eyes of the world—it is another Phaëton fall, and it is final. In proportion to the importance of the subject, is the difficulty of performance and the misery of failure. Then too, the danger of being reasonable; and modesty and simplicity in dress is perfectly savage. The fashions occupy the fancy as well as the judgment of their designers. Perpetually varying, there is a certain want of rule and method, and the only system it affords is the simple one, of running into the very extravagance of extreme. This difficulty amounting not merely to the labor of years like other professions but to the very occupancy of a life and a long one too in acquiring that which scarcely serves you a summer, induces us to place the honorable professions of the Tailor, mantua-maker, milliner and cravat-maker among, if not, the very first of all professions.

In considering the work before us, we are surprised to see, how well the author of it has succeeded in comparison with other writings by learned men on subjects of similar importance to mankind. We do not mean to say that he has done justice altogether to his subject. But, referring to our anticipations of failure on the first announcement of the work, we must confess ourselves agreeably disappointed. We had so often suffered chagrin on seeing excellent plans and subjects spoiled by indifferent hands, that we could only look at the newspaper containing its advertisement with sorrowful and misgiving hearts; and it was with many contradictory feelings that spite of the Dengue, we entered the book-store to procure it. This feeling of fear was rather increased than diminished by the charge made for the work.

What could we expect to receive on a subject so profound and elaborate as 'the Art of Tying the Cravat' for fifty cents. An art brought to perfection among the Romans, even before their acquaintance with the Greeks,\* and brought by that people, from the refined and wonder working Egyptians. An Art which at Tentyra, even before the descent of Cambysses, was considered of so much importance that separate priests were appointed to design them for the god Apis; and a regular caravan was yearly laden and sent with silks and gold grielli work from Memphis, to their temple for this purpose express. An art which among the ancient Hebrews became so much the object of attention with the different tribes that at length a starch was adopted into their preparation, made from the pith of the palm to render them firm; from this habit may be said to have arisen that phrase of rebuke, in modern construction, so very unfavorable to the character of that primitive people; but which in fact arose from the excess of refinement to which they had carried the art of tying and preparing the Cravat—namely, that "they were a stiff-necked people."

Nor was this art known only to the more refined and polished nations of the earth. An obelisk discovered among the ruins of ancient Thebes, exhibits, an Ethiopian dragged by a conqueror, and wearing around his neck a narrow and tolerably graceful Cravat of a dark grey—which at once establishes the fact, that Cravats were at a very early period known and estimated among the natives of Africa. It would be doing injustice to the character of the strictly correct Egyptians, were we to suppose that they would venture to represent a neighbouring people in a costume which they did not wear. Gergeai a French officer in the army of Napoleon during his invasion of Egypt, ventures an opinion upon the subject of the obelisk alluded to, which would take from him much of that reputation of refinement which belongs to the French nation generally. He says that this Cravat is nothing more than a hempen rope with which the conqueror is strangling his captive. Now we have several objections to this opinion—in the first place we have no authentic information that hemp is among the products of either upper or lower Egypt. Nor in fact do we suppose that the Egyptians, knowing intimately the despotic and summary character of their rulers would venture upon the raising of an article, the demand for which was comparatively small, and which, as an instrument of punishment in the hands of an executioner, would prove very inconvenient, if not positively uncomfortable to a people, otherwise, so remarkably patient as they are represented to be. It is true, that the rocky navigation in the neighborhood of the ancient city of Memphis by the destruction of the small craft at that time in use

\* The Reviewer has here fallen into an error only exceeded by the great magnitude of his subject. We all know that throughout Italy as well as most of the cities of the "Grecian League," the neck was perfectly unconfined. The only innovation attempted upon the public custom in this important particular consisted in a proposition of Timon to the people of Athens, wherein he recommends a cravat made from the fig tree, one of which he offers them gratuitously for this purpose. We are sorry when such occasions are offered us, but really, of all men, the Reviewer should be infallible.—*Printer's Devil.*

would occasionally fill the Nile with an abundance of this material. But we think that if the water did not effect its decay, it would be scarcely strong enough by the time it reached the desert to guide a Camel, and certainly quite insufficient to bear the peculiar stretching that must follow its application to this mode of execution.—Another objection that we would oppose to this idea of Gergeai, is the utter absurdity of supposing that, while arms were the distinct profession of every wandering Arab, Egyptian and Mameluke, their chiefs should seek for any other means of executing their vengeance upon their prisoners, than was afforded by the weapons perpetually in their hands.

But it is not only among nations already refined by civilization, that we find this distinctive evidence of its approach. While the Savages of North and South-America, wore nothing about the body, the Neck was protected, among the higher orders, by a bar either of gold or silver, lined with different kinds of fur—this bar among the common people consisted of a coarse kind of cloth lined as well as the former with furs of different descriptions. To these, were superadded a chain and rude medallion either of gold or silver, and sometimes of copper or lead. In this particular the savages had the advantage of the more refined portion of the world, for until we come to North and South-America we find nothing of this addition, now so common among us in the shape of “rose,” “ball,” “cascade” or “nœud Gordien.” Without this important addition we confess, that the Cravat alone, had left us still unpolished and uncivilized. The elegance of the modern gentleman would be quite displaced by the Hottentot appearance of a simple fillet about the neck—and might have given room to Gergeai to make an application nearer home, of his opinion on the Egyptian obelisk.

It will be idle for us longer to recommend what is so well recommended by universal practice and consent. And while we profess ourselves highly gratified with the performance before us—we beg leave to give an account of its author and of that genius which inspired its execution. Certain, that on a theme, so interesting we shall be able to fix the attention of that public, for the information and gratification of which, he has done so much, and done it so well.

Eugene Victoire, author of the work under review, was born a Frenchman : but like many other great men, the immediate place of his birth and parentage, are as yet unknown. Enough, however, has been gathered from authentic sources, to afford a tolerably correct account of one so marked and wonderful ; as well as a partial analysis of a mind so inquiring and complete. Of the time of his birth the Biographer can say nothing—and the deficiency of material arising from this fact, it will be almost impossible to remedy. It would have been curious to have traced the first progress of science on a mind, from its birth, so acute, comprehensive and condensed. All that we know of him, is from the oral relations of the celebrated Devereux, the noted Parisian Restaurateur and at one time the favorite valet of Victoire himself. From him we learn, that the subject of this memoir betrayed at a very early period a glimmering



of that inordinate love of science in which, at length, in a high and particular branch, he became so excellent a proficient. It was we believe in his eleventh year that the mind of the boy of promise began to develope itself. At this early period careless of the pursuits and sports of boys of his own age and condition, Eugene would steal away from them, and before the stall of some fashionable habit maker and reformer of taste, pass his leizure hours. By this means was he enabled to discover the determinate folly and stupidity of those to whom the charge of the public taste had been entrusted ; and at length timely to warn the misguided and abused community of Paris, of the danger and impolicy that must necessarily have resulted from their then pursuit. Here did he see with horror the utter callousness with which a dull apprentice would handle his cold and unfeeling steel about the body of a gentleman. None of the caution and discrimination of science and art ; and practice instead of improving serving only to confine them to their ignorant first habits. A course like this, must have had either a very dangerous and ruinous, or very beneficial effect upon an ingenious and inquiring mind. Fortunately for mankind, the genius of Victoire was not without the qualifying and restraining influence of judgement. These two qualities soon brought forth an evidence of their superior character, by bringing to perfection in the mind of their pupil, that excellent taste, the seeds of which a benevolent nature had already sown within him. It was evident to all that the boy was marked out by destiny for wonderful things. His friends accordingly, to whom his education had been entrusted, took care to observe the bent of his inclination, and with a discrimination not often found, and the propriety of which his after life sufficiently established, they placed him in the hands of the celebrated Coligni, at that time at the very head of the fashions in Europe. Here he remained for some time, improving by the ingenuity and elegance of his designs, the habits of the *beau monde*, while he improved himself in his profession, by practical illustrations of those plans he had so long speculated upon in theory.

But it was not the intention of nature to keep him all his days second to any spirit, though it were the first (except himself) of the age. A rupture took place between himself and master, which ended in their separation. The particulars of this rupture, as it may serve to shew the various ways which genius will take to make itself known and respected, we beg leave to present to the reader. It was on a very gusty day in March that the Duc de Choiseul, while riding in his carriage was upset and thrown out by the sudden startling of his horses. His clothes were much disfigured and soiled ; and as it was utterly impossible that he should return to his palais in that condition—Coligni was immediately sent for. Unfortunately, the Duc forgot to send a carriage with four horses, and provided one with two only ; and under such circumstances, Coligni felt that his character would be much degraded, declined going to the management of the unfortunate nobleman, but concluded with sending the subject of this notice. The Duc submitted to the design and accoutrement of the Noviciate, who bound down hither-

to the merest drudgery of the business, took advantage of his temporary liberty to exhibit a specimen of that genius which finally electrified the world.

No important change was made in any part of the habit of the nobleman, save the Cravat—but, as if fully to show that opportunity is the accoucheur of Genius, he invented the *Nœud Gordien*,\* and at once established his character. A rivalry thus created, almost unconsciously on the part of Eugene, between himself and Coligni, was never forgiven. From that time the fortunes of the latter began to decline; and, in proportion to his fall, was the rise of his rival. A new establishment was the consequence; and Eugene soon commanded the uppermost height of the steep of Immortality! His unfortunate master unable to bear his vicissitude, was found hanging one morning from the window of his shop, by one of the newly invented cravats of his rival, which he took this way of rendering unfashionable.

We will not fatigue our readers by further details upon the subject of this wonderful man's rise and progress. A few striking traits are all that we can at present record—and we shall present them in the dress in which we received them from the Restaurateur before mentioned.

“Ah! *sair, de monsieur Victoire have de grand honneur of preparing de stock and crabanet! He ave love to see de gentilhomme en haut ton—if de coat is break—dat is noting—if de pump or de silk is soil—dat is noting; but if de Cravate is not right, grand,—no make bliev—it is all over wid him—de man is not gentil, and people will not know him.*”

It was with something of a religious horror, that he shrunk from contact with one who betrayed the least carelessness in the disposition of his cravat. It was to this particular branch of his profession, that he devoted all his attention; and after a long life of elaborate and well digested study, he has prepared a more able work than could have been expected from one, dependent upon the variable character of the community he studied to please. An instance is given by the authority aforesaid, of his peculiar sensitiveness upon the subject of cravat-tying. During the “reign of Terror,” it was not to be expected that one possessed of so much reputation and influence, as well as aristocratic hauteur, would be likely to escape. Accordingly, on the night of the 19th Vendémiaire, Victoire was taken from his bed by the bloody minded citizens, and barely sufficient time allowed him for the adjustment of his cravat. As he was led to the place of execution, he could not

\* The Gordian Knot was untied by Alexander the Great, according to the Historians, by separating it with his sword. It was said to have been made by Gordius a shepherd, and connected the yoke with the draught tree of his carriage. This however is an error of much importance and we will therefore set the matter right by assuring the modern reader on the authority of a Greek MSS of Timantes, found among the ruins of Herculaneum, that the Gordian Knot was a cravat worn by Gordius, a king of Phrygia, which Alexander undid, in his usual rash and inconsiderate manner by cutting of the head of the monarch, so unfortunate in his distinction, and slipping the knot above the narrow isthmus.

avoid being struck with the manner in which Danton wore the handkerchief about his neck. In a happy moment of inspiration, he was filled with the idea of depicting the bust of the savage, and thus adding to the valuable work he has here bequeathed to posterity. He was barely permitted to take the outline with pencil, on a blank leaf of the MSS then in his possession—but had scarcely finished, when, to his great surprise, his head was struck from his body—the blood spirted over the paper, and the *Cravate a la Danton* has been ever since prepared of a red material.

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### THE LATE DR. FARMER.

To trace the errors of genius, its failures and misfortunes, is a task always ungrateful, and sometimes invidious. The investigation is attended by circumstances peculiar to its subject—for the more clearly you are enabled to arrive at the causes of defeat in such cases, the more painful becomes the contemplation of the result they conspired in producing. The man of business, by the dishonesty of a partner, or his own inordinate thirst of gain, incurs a temporary bankruptcy—but, retaining his credit, he is enabled to retrieve his affairs; or, if finally involved, he retires upon a moderate but competent support for the rest of his days;—and the man of pleasure is usually content to see the objects he once pursued, fade and wither from before him, when time or premature decay has unnerved him in the race which younger and more ardent competitors for the prize are prepared to run in their turn—and in their turn, perhaps, to lose. But, in the case of the man of letters, there is little, if any thing, that is intermediate between success and failure—between that well earned contemporary celebrity which is the usual passport to posthumous renown, and that partial and uncertain reputation, which, like the feeble flickerings of an exhausted lamp, alternately swells and subsides, to go down and out at last—leaving its possessor with the faint semblance only, the shadow of a name!

In turning over the literary annals of almost every country, the curious reader will seldom fail to find a casual and solitary leaf commemorative of these abortions of the mind, which, though regarded by the majority of mankind with contempt or pity, furnish to the lover of letters, reflections not altogether uninteresting, nor without their salutary tendency. An illustration upon this subject, might perhaps be drawn from a source not wholly foreign or unallied to the considerations that have been suggested to us on the present occasion—and the picture of a high born Beauty, the presiding divinity of a court or coterie, looking down from the height which she commands with an air of haughty and supercilious disdain upon some humble and frail sister mortal, doomed to the obscurity and privations which her errors and ill fortunes have entailed upon her, yet retaining in the midst of her fallen and despised lot, the traces and the remnants of a nature not all debased—obscured, not



quenched—might furnish no equivocal nor “counterfeit presentment” of two or more literary brothers, equally ardent and emulous in the Olympic race for fame—the one, the destined Chorebus of his day, outstripping his less fortunate competitors, and ultimately winning and wearing the laurel crown that awaits him at the goal—while they are left struggling in the dust, perhaps the disgrace, of disappointment and defeat. Their emulation was not less strong, and the hope that warmed and kept alive that emulation, was not less high—the one has given place to the knawings of ceaseless regret, and the other has subsided into a conviction of its own futility. To these, and such as these, the lines of the poet are not inapplicable, and are no fiction :

“ For gayer insects fluttering by,  
Ne’er droop the wing o’er those that die ;  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister’s shame.”

The subject of this brief notice, was by no means without his merits as a writer of verse ; and, under happier auspices, his excellent natural abilities must have secured for him a higher and more lasting distinction, than is ever reserved for the writer of merely casual and fugitive poetry. In general, we are not disposed to augur favourably of a mind which rests contented with such efforts, and seems to enjoy the little triumphs that sometimes attend them. This, however, was not the case with Doctor Farmer—for, although you could detect a poetical bias in his character, and a tinge of it in his conversation, few men were more timid in speaking of themselves, and no man more enthusiastic in his encomiums upon others. The poetical effusions of Doctor Farmer’s latter hours, bore marks of a decided improvement, and would have done credit to some more practised minds among us—but the tree has been cut down, and the few blossoms which an ungenial sky permitted it to bear, have been scattered, and are perhaps lost. We had hoped to have been furnished with the unpublished manuscripts of Dr. Farmer, but not having been able to procure them, this brief and imperfect tribute to his memory, is all we have to offer. The generous and social qualities of the man, will not be soon forgotten by those who knew him ; while to his immediate friends the conviction that his death, whatever bereavement it may have left with their feelings, has been to him a happy transition, must carry with it the only real and lasting consolation which can be afforded to the mind, on the decease of those with whom we have been nearly and dearly connected.

The thought in the following lines, “ addressed to Miss P——, on seeing a withered rose upon her bosom,” is, we think, pretty and graceful :

Why dost thou droop thy fragrant head,  
Where is thy vernal bloom ?  
Are all thy damask blushes fled,  
And is that breast thy tomb !  
Is it because her sparkling eye  
Excels Aurora’s smile ;

Or did the fragrance of her sigh,  
Thee of thy sweets beguile?  
No, languid flower, no, rose forlorn,  
Envy the blow hath given;  
For thou could'st blooming grace a thorn,  
Yet died when placed in heaven!

The moral in the ensuing lines "on a Bluebell, which was in bloom after a stormy night, but faded in the sunbeam before noon," is happily conveyed:

How wildly o'er the chilly night  
The tempest demon flew;  
Still thou art free from stain or blight,  
The storm though stern, was true.  
But shun those beams, thou fairy flower,  
That o'er thy beauties stray;  
They only seek thy flagrant bower,  
To steal thy sweets away.  
So, over Beauty's drooping head,  
The fell despoiler sighs;  
She looks—and all her peace is fled,  
She listens—and she dies!

The following, "on a Jessamine that bloomed too early, and was killed by the frost," is touching, and in the accustomed spirit of Doctor Farmer, whose mind, naturally pensive, had acquired from circumstances a deeper tinge of melancholy, than a casual or careless observer would have been led to suspect:

Thy early blossoms, lovely flower,  
The morning sun-beams blest;  
But now they droop in wintry bower,  
And wither on thy breast.  
So, early hope is nursed by care,  
So, sorrow withering lies;  
So, stripped of every blossom fair,  
The spring of fancy dies.  
The parent vine no shelter gave,  
To screen thee from the blast;  
But now it bends above thy grave,  
And honors thee at last.  
And such is merit's hapless fate,  
That living, finds no friend;  
Till pilgrims seek the spot too late,  
And o'er its relics bend.  
O, joy is but a tinsel gem,  
That sparkles for an hour;  
And life is but a rifled stem,  
And hope—its frosted flower.

### THE "RULES OF THE DRAMA."

From repeated conversations with a literary friend upon the subject of these "Rules," we have been led to give them a more attentive consideration than we should perhaps have otherwise done—and, possibly, more than they may merit. We were at one time inclined to regard them as prescriptions wholly arbitrary, or very nearly so; and, we confess, if the necessity of enforcing their observance to

the very letter be insisted on, we shall be apt to rebel—and free our literary taste from all allegiance to these despotic precepts, which, it is very easy and sounds very well to discourse upon—but which, in the progress of a dramatic composition, will be found to stand somewhat in the way of the writer. You are very gravely informed by those who advocate this subject, that rules apply not less to a literary performance than they do to a piece of mechanism;—that you see design and infinite art displayed in the “meanest flowret of the vale;”—that the earth, and “the waters under the earth,” came perfect from the hands of the Divine Architect;—in short, that there is an art and grace in every thing that has been either said or done since the creation—an art in talking—walking—dancing; until, at length, some one has presented us with a book on the “Art of Thinking!” All this, as we have just said, is very well, and some of it is true. We have no objection that our wife should sing, play, and dance well; and, with a little assiduity, she might carry these arts to perfection in a twelvemonth; but could we ever hope to teach her the “art of thinking” rightly—or, indeed, of thinking at all?

The English, French, and German critics, have been for some time past at issue upon the subject of these “Rules of the Drama;” and the question seems to rest pretty much where it did half a century ago. Now, it appears to us, that could the thinking heads among these disputants, be brought to make a few mutual concessions, they would perhaps find the matter somewhat simplified; and their respective claims, consequently, better understood—and, possibly, finally adjusted. We are aware how little disposed in general are persons to an accommodation of this sort; and very few of us know how to apologise for faults, or explain mistakes with a good grace. What are these concessions? We address the question, not to those who are more immediately interested in its decision—not to the dramatic writers of England, France or Germany, but to the dramatic critics—and this for two reasons. In the first place, however paradoxical it may sound, artists are not always the best judges of the rules of art; and, even if they were, the appeal, in a case like this, would lie so immediately to their self-love, that we could not depend on their impartiality; and this we conceive to be a most important reason—for, unfortunately, one of the parties to the question, have no drama of their own,—at least, no *native* drama. With the exception of a few plays of Voltaire, the dramatic literature of the French is wholly foreign; Grecian materials wrought into form, but not *effect*, by French artists.\* We are thus under a two-fold obligation to address our-

\* The French have been extolled for affording to their stage a national support; but to this very dependence upon the Court, is to be attributed the want of nationality in the French drama—in so much, at least, as their dramatic persons are almost all foreign; for, although the old French history might afford subjects for the Drama, they are not such as would prove acceptable to the Court. Seneca copies his “Medea” from the Greek of Euripides; and Mons. La Perouse copies from Seneca. The origin of French Tragedy may be referred to the early part of the 16th century; when Baif and Jodelle commenced, in Italy, their translations from the Greek Drama.



selves to the National mind—not as it presides over its own immediate literature, and is exemplified in the character of that literature—but the National mind as it is conversant with the literature of ages, from the rhapsodies of the early Grecian bards, to the lyrics of Thomas Moore; and, before such a tribunal, we feel less fettered and coerced than we should be were we obliged to fashion the little we have to say, according to the literary consciences of the dramatists themselves, severally and separately. To commence with the commencement, let us consider for a moment the dramatic literature of the Greeks. This literature we shall find to be in its very grain and growth of a character almost wholly identified with the national *religion* of the people among whom it took its rise, and by whom we are told it was carried to perfection. It appears to us, though we shall probably be denounced for the opinion, that much of the credit given the Greeks on the score of a refined taste in the Drama, is entirely gratuitous. Thus, one of the main defects attributed to the drama of Shakspeare, the admixture of tragic with comic scenes, the Greek drama was necessarily free from, as it is known that on all great occasions they considered any “inauspicious” word *offensive to the Gods*; and this inauspiciousness might well consist in language such as is employed in these mixed scenes:

“The Gods require  
Their pure rites undisturbed.”

In reading, for instance, the “Agamemnon,” it is impossible to overlook the traces, apparent in almost every page, of the peculiar origin of the Greek drama. You still remark the evident subserviency of the part assigned the interlocutors, to the moral and religious character of the Chorus—which appears to be merely an improvement, though undoubtedly a very good one, upon the original Hymn in honor of the Gods. The chorus, too, combines in itself a sort of three-fold character—a poetical, moral, and mediatory agency, which it exercises according to circumstances. The same voice is heard alternately chanting the finest strains of a divine poetry, that “adores and burns”—giving utterance and emphasis to moral reflections not unworthy of a Socrates himself; and then descending, as it were, from its lofty eminence into the arena of the dialogue, and wielding, with a wondrous dexterity, alike the ponderous weapons of assault, and the sharper and keener sword of Aristophanic point and satire. In the Chorus, as we now have it, the original Hymn to Bacchus became gradually merged as the interest of the story increased; until, the dialogue being at length introduced, the character of the chorus was suddenly and entirely changed; and, from a Bacchanalian song, rose to the dignity of a pervading moral influence and agency—the form and spirit in which it has come down to us.

We have thus briefly adverted to the general character of the Greek drama; and will now as briefly touch upon another point. Influenced, it would appear, by the partial example of the two first writers of Greek Tragedy, it has been complacently maintained, that the *decorum* of the stage consists in banishing every

thing actually disgusting—not merely in the scene before you, but in the characters of the persons of the drama; in order to compass that ideal perfection which some modern purists in the drama have been pleased to contend for. The names of Æschylus and Sophocles have been enlisted in support of this position, while their very dramas themselves, in which they appear to have recognized no such notion, are staring you in the face. What is there ideal in the murder of Agamemnon, or in the motives that led to it? or in the murder of Clytemnestra by her son? Medea, in the tragedy of that name, murders her children before the eyes of the spectators; and in the Hecuba, Polymnestor appears on the stage with his eyes put out, and bathed in blood; and Hippolytus, torn to pieces by his fiery coursers, is exhibited on the stage with his limbs bleeding and mangled! So much for the horrors of Euripides.

A great deal has been said about the *simplicity* of the Greek drama, as a model to modern writers. This simplicity, however, was, we think, the result of circumstances that have now no existence. *Character*, as we emphatically understand the term, had no part or participation in the ancient drama. A series of events, in which there is no active human agency, but of which human nature is made the victim, are exhibited in the *order* prescribed by that fate which decreed that Œdipus should destroy his father, and commit incest with his mother—an order which no human power could reverse, and no mortal disobey. We thus conceive that the *Romanesque* poetry, as Madam de Stael terms it, has every possible advantage over the classic, or ancient. But we are anticipating the pen of a writer, who, while we differ with him upon this subject, will be enabled to present our readers with the results of a more thorough investigation, than we have as yet been permitted to give to the matter.

#### THE VEIL.

O LUME SACRA!\* dread abode,  
Where the Young Virgin weds her God!  
But, ah—the Bridal! mark and see  
The madness and the mockery.  
She comes! behold her young form bending,  
Gently, resigned, and meek, and tending  
To the dark altar, where for one  
Moment she pauses, when the stone  
Of the temple whereon she stood,  
Receives her falling—O too good,  
Too pure for such a resting place!  
She gently sinks, and o'er her face  
And form, the dreadful pall is thrown—  
That victim now is all their own!  
To watch the everlasting fire  
With passions that ne'er tempt nor tire;  
O Virgin Vestal, can it be

\* *Lume Sacra*, a religious order at Rome; and so called from the severity of its rules and observances.

Such vigil should be meted thee !  
 The dark lash of that half-closed eye,  
 The lines that on that pale brow lie ;  
 That small hand on that young heart prest,  
 As if to shield the bursting breast !  
 The step so slow, as 'twould retrace  
 Its course from the detested place ;  
 The look that dare not look to Heaven,  
 Until the fatal word be given,  
 And then expands with sudden lid,  
 To see the hope and heart forbid !  
 O these are signs that tell, within  
 Linger thoughts of a world, 'twere sin  
 And dreadful violation now  
 To love—thy life must seal thy vow !  
 And, hark ! the requiem gently swelling,  
 Tells of the triumph of that dwelling !  
 The deep bell of the distant church,  
 Proclaims from piazza to porch,  
 Another victim gained to feed  
 The tenets of a hellish creed,  
 Which blights the heart, and blasts the veins,  
 That pimps and priests may earn their gains :  
 At best no better, tho' the theme  
 On which they build the specious scheme,  
 Is the exploded lie that God  
 Ordained the wrack, the flame, the rod,  
 Tearing the body that the soul  
 May become better on the whole.  
 The music in the distance dying,  
 Summoned, from on the marble lying,  
 To the monks knee, the trembling maid ;  
 She bends, and he unbinds the braid  
 That clusters darkly o'er the brow,  
 A beauty valued once, not now ;  
 The free full tresses are bound in,  
 For in those locks Love laughs at sin !  
 A cold white fillet rises o'er  
 Temples clothed in gold before ;  
 The jewelled vesture's thrown aside,  
 Unfitted to celestial Bride !  
 A pale crown on her head is placed,  
 An iron girdle guards her waist ;  
 The Crucifix is in her hand,  
 'Tis finished !—round her close the band  
 Of Sister Saints—the Abbess greets  
 The girl—St. Angelo repeats  
 With his loud cannon the deep bell,  
 The Chorister's and organ's swell ;  
 The ceremony of the Chapel done,  
 She takes the Veil, is registered a Nun !

J. W. S.

#### LETTER OF MR. PRY TO THE EDITORS.

*Messieurs Editors,*

I am one of the most curious of my species, if to be different from the rest of mankind, may afford me such an enviable distinction. I would not have you understand by this, however, that I am one of those *petit gourmands*—one of those acute and searching appetizers who wander through our markets, provision stores, Ice cream, and fruit establishments, for provocatives and palliatives.



Nor would I have you believe, on the other hand, that I am neglectful in the extreme of the times of eating, the tides of appetite, or the tastes of hunger or desire; or that I am absent in my own company, a stranger to the order of society, and to the fashion and costume of the time: I do not wear my hat awry—my shoes and boots are fellows—I am particular to have my stockings without a hole, and I very seldom leave my house with one boot and one shoe on. With none of these eccentricities do I amuse the public, and flatter myself. I am studious not to appear uncomfortable—I would die were I pointed out as a singular or queer creature, and, above all things, I would shudder at the distinction, so much sought after, of becoming the Lion of a Ball Room, or corner or public walk. Yet am I curious in the disposition of my time, the choice of my books, company, wine and sweetheart. The first must be racy, sweet and *piquant*, the two latter must not be sour, and the last any thing but old. I am not a student, as one may suppose from my mention of books—I read them not to understand, but if possible to find in them any thing like a new jest, pun, conundrum, charade, bon mot, or riddle. Something, that may give some trouble in elucidating. I nearly went mad when that fellow Roberts with his ugly mug, came to Charleston. I doted upon the dog while I envied him. His unrivalled manner of saying “D’ye give it up?” charmed and fascinated me, and like the frog in the fable, I nearly killed myself in endeavoring to imitate him. And then his conundrums were so good that I caught myself frequently repeating them as my own in company. I mused upon them and him, when alone; I dreamed of them when asleep. I curtailed my expenses to go to the Theatre every night to hear him; and at length became so bilious from a desire to equal him, that my physician recommended salt and water and ginger tea in profuse quantities, and denied me any segars but snuff; of this I took enough to make me sick and then I left it off. But it all failed to wean me from my propensities. I never altogether forgot the short queer face of “D’ye give it up?” I made puns from morning to night, and pleasantries, that the laborious writers of easy writings in the North American Review could never come up to. The studied and clumsy attempts at humor and grace, in the article on “The Art of Being Happy” in the last number of that Journal was a very serious piece of pleantry, in comparison with mine. It was a grievous labor of laughable earnest, that I never thought that work capable of—But—

“My masters, nothing will content ye,”

I am satisfied with my fortune—and have continued to bless myself Messieurs Editors, with making conundrums for the newspapers, and solving them myself. With such a predilection, gentlemen, you will not be at all surprised when I tell you, of the delight with which I took up the first number of your Gazette. Not with it as a whole, for between ourselves, messieurs Editors, I am induced to believe you have had very serious reasons for dulness, but with the last page which appeared with the talismanic and delightful questions on Love, so perfectly grateful and refreshing to a

taste like mine. I have employed myself ever since in making up an opinion upon them and flatter myself that I have fully succeeded. I send you the result of my cogitations below.

**Q. 1.** Which is the most convincing sign of Love, to conceal a passion, or to disclose it? **2** To sigh, or to shed tears?

**A. 1.** There is considerable difficulty in answering this question—much may be said on either side. The advocate for concealment would speak of the modest diffidence, retirement and delicacy of love, which like the sensitive plant would wrap itself up into secrecy, whenever it comes into contact with any thing calculated to bring it to the touch of that most vitally connected with its existence. He would tell you

“Wrong not the delicate ear, with harsher tone  
Than music of young lovers sentences,  
And yet be coy in this.”

On the other hand it may be said, that to be in love being an enjoyment, to keep the knowledge of this secret in one's own bosom, would betray a selfishness not at all agreeable to the character of a true lover. If we go to a play or witness an exhibition at church, lounge, ball-room, or parade, the most certain evidence of a generous and lofty mind is the disposition which it invariably shows to admit all those who have not been fortunate enough to behold it, to a full knowledge of what it has seen. And as we all wish to gratify those whom we love, and as we all know (I speak for the gentlemen, remember) that ladies love to be loved and consequently to hear that they are loved, is it not evident to all, that we should immediately disclose our passion if we wish them pleasure or gratification—the first object of all true lovers? I am therefore of opinion, that the most convincing sign of love, is the spreading one's silk handkerchief on the carpet and saying “my love, I love, my love, above the love of any other love that love has ever loved or ever vowed to love and you, my love, are the loved object of my love.” In other words of telling the fair lady in as few words as possible, the whole extent of your affection, and—I had almost said, folly. The latter part of this question is fully answered by the above—as well as by the lines of Derwent,

“Love speaks his sorrows, not in wordy prayers,  
But with his soul, and utters them in tears.”

and Shakspeare says, that

“Sighs are but the fumes of love,”

tears then, however paradoxical, should be the fire.

**Q. 2.** Which gives most satisfaction to a lover, to praise his mistress or to be praised by her?

**A. 2.** This answer, we think very easily found. We have long thought that the system of compliment and flattery paid by men to women rather stupid, and to say the least, quite unnecessary. We think that the highest compliment that a man can pay to an individual of the other sex is to declare his love for her. This absorbs every other flattery and is, or should be, of all kinds the most intoxicating. It tells her that she is worthy of his love and is pos-

sessed of all the qualities which to speak in public phrase, are necessary for the "highest station in the gift of the"—heart. This is to praise his mistress. To be praised by her is only to say, that he is considered and esteemed by one, who, of all others, he estimates most highly. Now as vanity mingles not with true love, this will have an influence in but one way—it will be to assure him that he is not utterly disliked—the first fear of the lover. But as it must be well known that a Gentleman must be far advanced in the region of love and favor when a lady permits his addresses to assume the form of compliment, then does it follow of course, that he is several degrees nearer happiness than him who only hears that his mistress thinks he has some fine qualities—a favor that he shares perhaps in common with her lap-dog and monkey. I therefore declare, that after mature reflection, I am convinced, that it must or should give more satisfaction to a lover to praise his mistress than to be praised by her.

Q. 3. Which event renders most manifest the power of love, a Shepherdess falling in love with a King, or a King falling in love with a Shepherdess?

A. 3. It is a singular fact that while we have numberless instances of shepherdesses becoming exalted to the throne, we hear of none of kings becoming shepherds. It must be evident that in countries like England, Russia, America and Asia, where passion is seldom sacrificed to etiquette and established usage as in France and Spain, there would be little merit in either event. The King will have his own way, and picks up a pretty shepherdess, milking her cows—the shepherdess sees the king and longs for his rod of power, his royal covering, star and baubles. In the former countries, these things often occurring, take away their character of wonder and become familiar to the mind. A certain equality of condition spite of rank and title is the necessary consequence of that state of freedom which arises from the absence of bigotry and intolerance. The condition of the mind in those countries where the means of education and knowledge are in the way of all who chuse to take advantage of them, renders titular distinctions but idle ornaments of dress; and when the mind aims at and acquires an equality, the difference in the garb, and the addition of "my lord" or "his excellency" is but a rounded handle to a man's name. When this is the case, a king loses his sacred character, and the simplest milkmaid who has read Scott's or miss Porter's or any other fashionable novels, is pleased to picture to herself the republican equality of all conditions in matters of love. And the ambition of a shepherdess in desiring to become a queen, is not more unaccountable than a king lifting into his throne and state a girl who had before been accustomed to lifting herself over a five bar gate and whose state scarcely furnished her a pair of shoes per annum.

The question would have been much more pointed and effective were the state lessened from a regal to a princely or even lordly title. Ambition would have still something to look for—Kings cannot ascend; Lords and Princes may. The eagle may look from the highest perch in the clouds and stoop for prey below him; But while below, his object will be to ascend. Who turns midway



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**Q. 2.** Which gives most satisfaction to a lover, to praise his mistress or to be praised by her?

**A. 2.** This answer, we think very easily found. We have long thought that the system of compliment and flattery paid by men to women rather stupid, and to say the least, quite unnecessary. We think that the highest compliment that a man can pay to an individual of the other sex is to declare his love for her. This absorbs every other flattery and is, or should be, of all kinds the most intoxicating. It tells her that she is worthy of his love and is pos-

sessed of all the qualities which to speak in public phrase, are necessary for the "highest station in the gift of the"—heart. This is to praise his mistress. To be praised by her is only to say, that he is considered and esteemed by one, who, of all others, he estimates most highly. Now as vanity mingles not with true love, this will have an influence in but one way—it will be to assure him that he is not utterly disliked—the first fear of the lover. But as it must be well known that a Gentleman must be far advanced in the region of love and favor when a lady permits his addresses to assume the form of compliment, then does it follow of course, that he is several degrees nearer happiness than him who only hears that his mistress thinks he has some fine qualities—a favor that he shares perhaps in common with her lap-dog and monkey. I therefore declare, that after mature reflection, I am convinced, that it must or should give more satisfaction to a lover to praise his mistress than to be praised by her.

Q. 3. Which event renders most manifest the power of love, a Shepherdess falling in love with a King, or a King falling in love with a Shepherdess?

A. 3. It is a singular fact that while we have numberless instances of shepherdesses becoming exalted to the throne, we hear of none of kings becoming shepherds. It must be evident that in countries like England, Russia, America and Asia, where passion is seldom sacrificed to etiquette and established usage as in France and Spain, there would be little merit in either event. The King will have his own way, and picks up a pretty shepherdess, milking her cows—the shepherdess sees the king and longs for his rod of power, his royal covering, star and baubles. In the former countries, these things often occurring, take away their character of wonder and become familiar to the mind. A certain equality of condition spite of rank and title is the necessary consequence of that state of freedom which arises from the absence of bigotry and intolerance. The condition of the mind in those countries where the means of education and knowledge are in the way of all who chuse to take advantage of them, renders titular distinctions but idle ornaments of dress; and when the mind aims at and acquires an equality, the difference in the garb, and the addition of "my lord" or "his excellency" is but a rounded handle to a man's name. When this is the case, a king loses his sacred character, and the simplest milkmaid who has read Scott's or miss Porter's or any other fashionable novels, is pleased to picture to herself the republican equality of all conditions in matters of love. And the ambition of a shepherdess in desiring to become a queen, is not more unaccountable than a king lifting into his throne and state a girl who had before been accustomed to lifting herself over a five bar gate and whose state scarcely furnished her a pair of shoes per annum.

The question would have been much more pointed and effective were the state lessened from a regal to a princely or even lordly title. Ambition would have still something to look for—Kings cannot ascend; Lords and Princes may. The eagle may look from the highest perch in the clouds and stoop for prey below him; But while below, his object will be to ascend. Who turns midway

upon the ladder to see whom he leaves behind, while the topmost rung is still unattained? No one. Greater then would be the power of love could it make a prince descend to a shepherdess. Another question arises on this subject—if the king be ugly—he would be no prize to her who desires beauty, while, the shepherdess must be beautiful to attract the favorable notice of a king. This may incline us to believe, and although still not wholly convinced, we must venture to say “The shepherdess who falls in love with a king, will most manifest the power of love, for judging of kings generally by the stupid heads of most of modern princes, love must blind her indeed, to compel her to admire any one of them.

Dear Messieurs Editors—You have my inferences; do give them preference over any thing on the same subject, coming from another. I would die of mortification did this article not appear in your second.

NICHOLAS PRY.

D'ye give it up Cottage, Cannonboro'

#### ASHLEY RIVER.

Slow from the horizon's verge, declining Day  
Casts his red shadow, o'er the rippling bay;—  
On high the dark wave leaps, ere light be gone,  
To hail one smile from the departing sun;  
While in the dark blue vault the fleecy rack  
Of thronging clouds, attending on his track,  
Form, in a gorgeous canopy of light,  
Each hue that's lovely, and each ray that's bright.

Blandishing Ministers! more brightly pure,  
As we their lustre better can endure—  
Than he, their monarch! whence alone they claim  
Their heaven of hue, their more than world of flame.  
Still to the last, tho' lost to mortal eyes—  
He leaves behind his garniture of dyes,  
And the stars glow, and the pale moon appears  
In the blue vault, and all his light, is theirs!

Here as the day declines, the lonely heart  
May sigh to lose, its being's richest part—  
Those glories of the aerial world—which seem  
To moon eyed Fancy heavens own op'ning gleam;  
While from the silvery vestment of the sky  
Eternal splendors burst upon the eye—  
Revealing, shaded by a mystic veil  
The wonders dreamt of in Enthusiast's tale—  
Those transient glimmerings where devotion sees  
The long lost garden, and the living trees—  
Rich bow'rs whose maidens wooing to their arms,  
Soft as their homes, eternal as their charms  
Sing those enchanting airs, that like the tree,  
Which blooms forever in fair araby,  
Tempt the young pilgrim slumbering 'neath its boughs  
To leave his duties and forget his vows.  
Discard the affections of his native shore,  
And deems his labors done, his wand'rings o'er.

Yes, wrapt in mists of darkness, which pervade  
Even Fancy's own domain of light and shade  
Even now these glories vanish from the sky,  
And leave the soul of solitude to sigh!  
Sigh that even these, the last on earth to cheer—



So brightly dark, so languishingly clear—  
 Whose mellow'd tints, disposed in tasteful pride  
 The deep and light with equal pow'r divide—  
 So well arranged to soothe the soul of grief,  
 And lend it sympathy, if not relief,  
 Should thus so soon depart—and scarcely leave  
 One sketch of splendors which the heart must grieve.

Well may the lonely heart its lot deplore,  
 To find that false, it's madness would adore—  
 To move in singleness of soul, and trace  
 In this bright world nor fond nor smiling face;  
 To feel declining youth's energetic pow'r,  
 And sink 'neath that o'er which his soul should tow'r.  
 Condemned to toil with heavy heart and head  
 O'er weary tomes and listless leaves of lead,  
 Feel the soul sicken o'er life's lifeless plan,  
 And cherish feeling at the price of man.  
 Well may the shadowy glories of the sky,  
 When evening wings her cloud-born chariot nigh  
 The steeds of day, and from them dares to claim  
 Their matchless hues, and breathing orbs of flame—  
 Well may the heart, whose proneness to believe,  
 Made fools despise and baser men deceive,  
 Sigh for those shadowy glories—that become  
 Speaking affections when men's hearts are dumb!

Beautiful Ashley! when I first essay'd  
 The lyre's rude song, as by thy marge I stray'd,  
 How came young Hope with gentle smiles supplied  
 To bless my dreams and wander by my side—  
 How o'er the past did playful memory run,  
 And sweet the joys from recollection won!  
 The swift ascent to manhoods warmer glow,  
 That youth repining, ever deems too slow;  
 The flow'rs that deck'd the wayside as I came,  
 And, as a first discoverer, dared to name—  
 The kindred heart that smiled when other's frown'd  
 And she, the loveliest of the circle round—  
 Whose sudden glance, like stars of shooting flame,  
 Rush'd to my soul and lit where'er they came:  
 These, when the ascent was gain'd, young mem'ry brought  
 As fadeless records to the book of thought—  
 To these, gay Hope, a winged wanderer threw  
 A future world—more bright, but not so true!

Few years have pass'd, sweet River, and no more  
 The playful boy that wander'd by thy shore,  
 In many a prank and gambol, once again  
 I watch thy waters leaping to the main!  
 Time hath brought change upon his rapid wing,  
 And life's dull seasons are no longer spring!  
 The young companions of my early day  
 Are dead or scattered widely far away—  
 Some are in foreign lands, ordained to toil  
 For life or wealth upon a niggard soil.  
 The sea hath many, and the wild storms sweep  
 O'er many a limb now bleaching in the deep,  
 That in the athletic game has link'd with mine,  
 And thrown the form that now records this line—  
 And I, the last, less loved, and youngest—one,  
 Doomed from the first in life to move alone;  
 Scorned for the weakness, which became at length,  
 More than the pride, and all the pow'r of strength,  
 Whose passions ever roused, untaught to bend,  
 Confirm'd the doubtful, shook the steadiest friend;  
 Unused to kindness—so that when it spoke,

A world I knew not, o'er my bosom broke—  
 A stranger form—at first I could not tell  
 If foe or friend, till feeling burst the spell—  
 And all the tears that hate had stay'd so long,  
 Frozen by bitterness, restrained by wrong,  
 With cataract might, thro' their dark prisons swept.  
 Each rock o'erborne that held them, and—I wept.

I had not wept in sorrow—had not shed  
 One tear of anguish, when I watch'd the bed—  
 Where, lay affections earliest idol—dead !  
 Coldness but steel'd me, firmer to despise—  
 Unkindness loosed still more all human ties,  
 And taught me, though the child of nature still,  
 That I was free to hate or love at will !  
 That nature was the kindest—but beguil'd  
 By man too long—believing when he smiled  
 That truth was in the blandishment, I gave  
 My heart to each deceit still more a slave,  
 Till torn at length, by frequent wrong, I grew.  
 Tho' born to love—a stern proud hater too—  
 And every stream of nature in my soul  
 Sealed with eternal snows, refused to roll.  
 Love, burst the fountain—Love whose magic breath,  
 Can lend a solace to the haunts of death—  
 Whose rosy hand, pervading earth's wide gloom,  
 Plants the young flow'r of rapture on the tomb !  
 To the far pole, where endless winters sway,  
 Imparts a sun that compensates the day—  
 And through the night whose matchless beams appear ;  
 Warming, o'er snowy peaks, the polar year ;  
 Love broke the ice-bound regions of my heart,  
 And bade his sun appear, his night depart !  
 Sweet waters of my youth ! I've tried the song  
 With early themes, but used to sorrow long,  
 They mingle with strange discord, and repeat  
 Aught but the notes my lonely heart deems sweet.  
 I see the past with all its innocent wealth,  
 Its smiling store of luxury and health ;  
 The mind of infant sympathy, that knew  
 Untold, as twin creations, lost to view  
 The secret sorrow, or the rising bliss,  
 That wakes the one to grief or happiness—  
 There comes wild Rapture, whose delirious dreams  
 Warm from young Fancy's land of flow'rs, and beams  
 In fairy pictured hues o'er boyhood throng,  
 Kindling him up to luxury and song ;  
 Bright skies appear in sunniness, and glow  
 With fairy radiance o'er the world below,  
 And all that's rich in nature, bright in joy,  
 Shines without tarnish, beams without alloy—  
 There comes a darker picturing with these,  
 Like hellborn monsters over sunlit seas,  
 Where halcyon Quiet broods, on gossamer wing,  
 And mermaids wake in coral groves, to sing.  
 'Tis the dark features of the Present, cast  
 To cloud the future, and to dim the past ;  
 Obscure each glory of my early day,  
 And blight my soul, and tear its hope away !  
 Yet not, that bursting full upon my view ;  
 I've found that false, which Fancy swore was true ;  
 Not that the athlete died at sea, and lay  
 Where Mexico still rolls his tideless bay,  
 And sea nymphs only spread his watry grave,  
 And midnight winds alone, his requiem rave ;

Not that in distant regions there are some  
 Whom hope oft brings, but truth delays to come,  
 To bless the expecting eyes that watch at home;  
 Yet now by stern necessity must toil  
 To find for life support, for death a soil:  
 Not these, not all—though hatred might despise,  
 Revenge exult o'er; Tyranny devise,  
 Or Malice execute, or Folly bring,  
 To add to agony, its brainless sting;  
 Drew tears from eyes that never yet could weep,  
 Whose streams were silent, as their tides were deep.

W. G. S.

### THE JEWS.

THE histories of antiquity generally treat about those institutions of arts and arms, of laws and customs, in the contemplation of which, taste and a certain searching disposition after the unique, can be agreeably employed. The wonder working genius of Greece in whatever could be lifted up to the excellence of letters—the stately grandeur of imperial Rome, with her orators and her forum, her triumphal arches and her monuments, her circuses and her amphitheatres, her ethics and her politics (not only because of their classical import, but because of their being in tune with those chords of our nature which are played on by the beautiful and sublime, the novel and marvellous)—do fill more especially the mind of the student brim-full of a bewitching enthusiasm. The pleasure derived from this sort of history, denominated profane, is in the abstract—most commonly apart from any direct utility to ourselves in the objects of a contemplation rather concerning the imagination than the heart. More than this do the historical associations of the Jews produce. Every thing recorded of this people both awakens curiosity and touches the most popular emotions of mankind—emotions that rise to a pitch of downright superstitious awe, when are considered that with them the great God covenanted, and to them revealed the first principles of that religion wherein we have garnered up our hopes. A religion so unlike any thing of the times—so philosophical in relating all effects to one creative cause—so suited by the chasteness of the morals it inculcated to moderate the excesses of passion and keep steady the props of Society, that we cannot do otherwise than see the proofs of its divine origin on the face of it. Before the Christian era the theologies or more properly the polytheisms of other nations were excessively ridiculous; consisting in the worship of the elements, or of images; and in nearly every instance, we may say of sensible objects. The opinions of the Essenes and the Pharisees recognizing one invisible Godhead, as the first cause of all things, the unregenerated Heathen could not understand. The best informed men of that day had no conception, how there could be a divinity without the passions and appetites which the flesh is heir to, and of course when occasion was at hand, indiscriminately ridiculed the Judaic institutions. Thus Tacitus, who by the bye, evinces in his history more of illiberality than a correct knowledge of the Jews in contrasting their laws, opinions and worship with those of the Egyptians, goes on to say:—"Cælestium contra Ægyptii pleraque animalia, effigies-



que compositas venerantur; Judæi mente sola, unumque numen intelligunt. 'Profanos, qui deum imagines, mortalibus materiis, in species hominum effingant. Summum illud et æternum, neque mutabile, neque interitum?' Igitur nulla simulacra urbibus suis, nedum templis sinunt. Non regibus hæc adulatio, non Cæsaribus honor. Sed quia sacerdotes eorum tibia tympanisque concinebant, hedera vinciabantur, vitisque aurea templo reperta: 'Liberum patrem coli, domitorem Orientis,' quidam arbitrati sunt, nequaquam congruentibus institutis: quippe Liber festos letosque ritus posuit; Judæorum mos absurdus sordidusque."<sup>\*</sup>

The sentence "Judei mente sola unumque numen intelligunt," as well as the whole of the above extract, written by way of censure, is the best possible compliment that could be paid to the Jewish worship. So strictly did they observe the provisions of the book of Laws, which prohibited idolatry, that the vestments of the priests, the golden candlestick of seven lights, the ark of the covenant, the cherubim and the other numerous symbols of their worship intended by association to bring to mind an image of the universe, only indicated thereby the glory and benevolence of the Creator, and in no wise any likeness to the Creator himself. This belief in one invisible governing mind, making the law and commanding none other to be observed, produced an individuality in national morals, and a higher respect, or we should rather say, veneration for the law and the more than usual social relations it comprised, than if it had been barely enacted by human authority, or acquiesced in from public opinion or long usage. To this a more than ordinary veneration for their own institutions, endeared to them by a long line of sacred traditions, among which, intermarrying with other nations, was, and is now forbidden; and we may further say to the intolerance of Christendom, do we attribute the existence of their same peculiar traits of disposition under every kind of government in one age as well as in another.

That familiar comparison of gods and men, which among the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks, greatly impaired the tenseness of their devotion, was kept from the Jews by the invisibility of the Godhead. The Roman saw his deities, of morals exceedingly vicious, in right of their divinityship committing rape, adultery and murder, or guilty of every thing which he himself was taught to condemn. On the other hand, the Jew conceived his one God in the abstract, perfect, parallel only to ITSELF. With him, no divine example excused crime or invited to its commission—with him no deity came from Olympus, to do him honor by seducing the wife of his bosom or the daughter of his hopes—to side with the enemy of his household—to ruin his fortunes, or cut him off from life. To him, the Godhead was all of that excellence, which his imagination, wrought on by mystery and wonder could exaggerate. This is quite natural. The mind fancies more of fear, novelty, awe, perfection and devotion, in that, which, by its indistinctness or invisibility does not come palpably to the senses. It arises out of the same principle of mental philosophy, by which an object of curi-

<sup>\*</sup> Tacit. Hist. lib. V. 5.

osity when looked at and handled, loses its novelty ; because that imagination wears away which entered into it, and which does enter largely into those objects which usually cause the intensest emotions. What scares us in the night-time, we heed not in the day. We gaze on a distant something with more than an ordinary inquisitiveness. We treasure up the relics of antiquity not for their intrinsic value, but because they are associated with events, whose very obscurity pushes on the imagination to consecrate them by its labours in the memories of living men.

Apart from the religious creed and ceremonials of this wonderful people, to us of the South, there is a considerable deal of interest in their system of Laws, as embodying in the ten commandments, the very spirit of Equity ; and containing a slave-code very like unto ours, which divine authority by the strongest implication sanctions. This likeness consists in some fundamental principles, which give a similar character to both. As with us, they forbade the intermarrying of freemen with slaves. Nor did they regard a slave's evidence ; "because," in the quaint language of an old translator of Josephus, "of the servile and mercenary condition of his mind and quality, which may be probably wrought upon either by fear or by profit to give a false testimony." The rule which is clearly recognized in Exodus, 21, 4, that the child follows the condition of the mother, bating where the son marries the slave of his father, we have engrafted into ours from the Civil Law, *sed et si quis ex matre nascitur libera, patre vero servo, ingenuus nihilo minus nascitur*,\* and which, by the bye, was right the reverse of the Common Law which made the issue of a freeman and a neife, or of a villein and a free woman, follow the condition of the father.\* Both in ours and the Judaic Law, a slave is described to be the personal property of the master, "for he is his money," with this difference, that a Hebrew slave was emancipated on the seventh year of his bondage, unless at the end of that time he would not "go out" from his master, and then he became a slave absolutely, and forever. The Jews had six kinds of slaves†—with us there are but two. The one acquired by purchase—the other by birth ; whose obligations are co-extensive with those of moral agents. A slave here has no rights but such as are granted him by statute, for the sake of his preservation as a creature of feeling. When we call him property, it is for certain purposes only ; that is, that he may be controlled by his master, and transfered in sale. He is not barely an inanimate object or an irrational animal ; but a reasoning and feeling creature, both in contemplation and operation of Law. As a creature of reason, he is responsible to the Law ; and as a creature of feeling is protected by it. For instance—to kill a slave, is murder. To inflict any barbarous punishment on him, is attended with a heavy penalty.

\* Just. Inst. Lib. 1.—Tit. 4.

† The six kinds of slaves were—1. When creditors seized and sold their insolvent debtors, or their children. 2. A thief was sold when he could not pay his fine. 3. When a man sold himself through poverty. 4. Slaves de jure belli. 5. When a father sold his children. 6. A Hebrew slave ransomed from a Gentile might be sold to another Hebrew by his master.

He must be fed and clothed, and can only be worked so many hours of the day. These regulations are statutory, and make the slave in respect to them, as if, under the guardianship of the State, independent of that arbitrary power of the master so disgraceful to the character of ancient nations. Compared to the civil, or rather the laws enacted previous to the Lex Cornelia, the restraints of Claudius on the *jus vitæ et necis* of the master, the Lex Petronia, and the merciful government of Adrian, all of which tended greatly to ameliorate the condition of the slave, we have much of wisdom and benevolence to pride ourselves upon in the Judaic as well as in our own slave system. Among the Romans, slaves were held *pro nullis*; *pro mortuis*;—how this is to be understood consult A. Faber (and Gothofred—ad Dig. 50, 17—32, 209)—*pro Quadrupedibus*: Nay, they were in a much worse state than any cattle whatsoever, as the same author (Faber) has shewn. They had no head in the state, no name, title or register: they were not capable of being injured; nor could they take by purchase or descent; they had no heirs, and therefore could make no will, exclusive of what was called their *peculium*—whatever they acquired was their masters: they could not plead nor be pleaded for; but were excluded from all civil concerns whatever: they could not claim the indulgence of absence *rei publicæ causa*: they were not entitled to the rights and considerations of matrimony, and, therefore, had no relief in case of adultery; nor were they proper objects of cognation or affinity, but of *quasi* cognation only: they could be sold, transferred or pawned as goods or personal estates; for goods they were, and such they were esteemed. *They might be tortured for evidence*; punished at the discretion of their Lord, *or even put to death by his authority*. Together with many civil incapacities which I have not room to enumerate.”\*

The master's control of the slave was absolute: he could cut his throat as he would a pig's, and commit no murder in the eye of the law. Indeed until the reign of Adrian, slaves seem never to have been mercifully regarded; for though we have above alluded to a few beneficial enactments concerning them, anterior to this time, they did very little to ease slavery of those many tremendous powers exercised over it. And even during the reign of Nero, when was enacted the Lex Petronia which prohibited masters from sending their slaves to take part in the Gladiator fights, it was decreed that in case a master should be murdered by his domestics, execution should be done, not only on those who were in a state of servitude, but even on those who were emancipated by the deceased and were living under his roof at the time of his death.

But to return to the subject more properly before us, and from which we have been unconsciously led astray. No people like the Jews, were so subjected to the vicissitudes of fortune. They appear to have been tossed up and down in life, as if on the rising and falling waters of the sea. At one time boasting of the surpassing splendors of their holy city, their wars and prowess; the

\* Taylor Elem. Civ. Law, 429.



omnipotence of their law-giver; the foresight of their prophets, imaging forth in a strain of sublime, heartfelt poetry, the things that were to be; the grand moral aspect of their jubilees, their feasts, and their various commemorations of religious and political events. At another time, we see them carried into foreign bondage, their Holy of Holies rifled; or stooping to the conquering sway of the neighbouring Assyrians, Arabians and Egyptians, surviving, to exercise their laws and religion, in the select land of the classic Euphrates. It is a just reflection on their political history to say, that civil commotion has often given to a sly demagogue or to a faction, the sovereignty of a state, which the recuperative power of a people, or the select influences of a few good men, have set to rights: but never were there a people, like them, so often the victims of foreign dominion, and like them brought back to the pure fountains of national liberty. We could tire out the patience of our reader, did we choose to enlarge on the political annals of this people. Subjoining a brief note,\* illustrative of this branch of their history, we will pass over their early wars and come to say, that of all events, that of the war of Aristobolus, was of boding and greatest import to the Jewish destiny, inasmuch, as at his request and to aid him, Pompey had an excuse very soon after to be the first Roman, to enter the HOLY OF HOLIES, and pave that way, over which, Judah was led within the provincial government of Rome. "Romanorum primus C. Cn. Pompeius Judeos domuit: templum jure victoriæ ingressus est.†" For afterwards, not excepting the iron reign of Herod, though not seriously interrupted in their worship, and the administration of their own laws, they held, in fact, their national existence at *sufferance*, or during the pleasure of the mistress of the world. The subsequent collisions betwixt the Roman Governors, and many warm-hearted young men, chiefly followers of that sect of which Judas Galilæus was the founder—Governors all of a piece with Cestius and Florus, whose inordinate avarice and imprudence, in forcing the Jews to sacrifice for the Roman good, and to glorify the Cæsars—at length caused that prophetic war, which desolated the fair Palestine—that fair Palestine with her green covered undulating hills, and her lofty

\* We subjoin this brief note of some of the most striking events in Jewish history, to show how often they survived the shocks of foreign dominion. In A. M. 3416 they were overrun by the Assyrians and Egyptians, and literally destroyed. Scarcely had the lenity of Cyrus permitted them to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, when Ptolemy Magus, in A. M. 3684, swept over the land and carried a great number of them into Egyptian bondage. Afterwards, Antiochus Epiphanes pillaged the city, sold many of the Jews and committed the most shocking cruelties, until Judas gained a decisive victory over him, and rebuilt Jerusalem, A. M. 3840. Pompey in the war waged by Aristobolus against his brother Hircanus profaned the Holy of Holies. Some few years after Crassus the lover of gold, rifled the Temple of its treasures. In the reign of Vespasian, Titus completely destroyed Jerusalem. A new city was built near the ruins by Adrian, which the Persians took A. D. 614, and whom the Saracens drove out in 636. The Crusaders became masters of it in 1099, and were driven out by the King of Assyria and Egypt in 1187. The Turks possessed themselves of it in 1217, and since this time it has been the habitation of Jew and Gentile, Turk and Saracen.

† Tacit. Hist. lib. v. 9.

palms, under whose shade the red lipped and tender-eyed Jewess, sung Hebrew melodies to the pleasant Harp—that fair Palestine with her mighty Jerusalem of the triple walls, and the high towers of Herod—that fair Palestine of the Temple, a wonderful structure of blended cedar and polished stones, of silver and gold without seam or crack, reaching up to the highest heaven, and seeming to the distant eye, a mighty pure white pyramid with a cap of gold, glittering in the sun; containing within its consecrated precincts, the rich VEIL of silks and fine linen, embroidered all over with choice pictures of history, which shut from the HOLY OF HOLIES, that apartment, wherein the High Priest dressed in his Symbolical robes of the ephod and Essene, the methir and the tiara, sacrificed the victim on the golden altar, while odors from the holy vessels about, mixed deliciously with the atmosphere—that fair Palestine, whose men of muscle, stuck fast to her in many a day's long fight, with an obstinate, self-devoted intrepidity, routing the legions of Cestius, and dismaying one of the best of Roman Generals in Rome's better days—that fair Palestine, of the sepulchre of HIM that could say, "be all out," and there would be no light—of him that could speak it, and there would not have been a single one to listen—who died like a lamb for us on the cross of the malefactor, blessing the then time and the times to come till his spirit more meekly than a dove glance, went on high—that fair Palestine with her glories and her matchless city, her relics of divine things, the resting places of her wise men and her prophets, under the heavy hand of providence, fell down to ruins the victim of discord and Rome's better fortune.

"O Solymæ; O adyta, et sacri penetralia templi  
Ullanc vos animo deleat hora meo!"

Never did a people fight stouter for their liberties. Truly they took the last stand. The surprise is, how amid that creeping death of famine, when the soul is quick to the horrors of itself while, the body lingers away into utter helplessness, and the madning rage of three internal factions, without common head or subordination they could so long defend Jerusalem. It shows what men, otherwise discordant, can do, directed by one life-absorbing principle to think and speak and act for the attainment of the same end. They seemed to fight like men assured of their destiny—a destiny that has scattered them to the corners of the world, bereft of the good offices of Christendom, too often the innocent subjects of a fanatic exclusion, unworthy the better feelings of the heart.

It is this, their indiscriminate exclusion from the sincere sympathies of some Christians, and more especially their civil disabilities in many parts of Europe, and in this country, that we have to lament for the sake of our own Holy religion and the rights of man. All the other people beside them, who paid tribute to imperial Rome—that stupendous Reservoir of provincial exaction—have in the course of time become independent, rivalling their once mistress in the arts, surpassing her in mechanics, and the natural sciences; respected every where, and admitted into the great community of nations. Of them, the poor Jew alone has no nation;

no name of modern celebrity of which to boast; no sympathy but his own pride; no praise but his own virtue. In this country, too, possessing a constitution in the nature of a contract between individuals, solely for civil purposes, without regard to the religious opinions of any one, there is what we will call a religious aristocracy that assumes to itself the divine right to look down on the Jew—to suspect him without proof—to sneer at him (not in public, where it speaks as loud as the best of them of liberality) but in the domestic circle where the child grows up in prejudice, hating and despising him. We are ashamed to tell it, that in many parts of this Union, religious liberty is oftener lauded than seen in the daily intercourse of men. At this time of refined civilization, would it be believed that by the constitutions of New-Jersey\* and North-Carolina,† Roman Catholics and Jews are not privileged to hold civil offices of trust and profit; and furthermore, that the same disabilities together with their exclusion from offices of honor in respect to the Jews, obtain in Delaware,‡ and till of late years were of force in Maryland.§ This profession of principle without its illustration in practice, will not do for the descendants of those men who framed the Great Charter of our Rights—men (thank God they lived in the day of its adoption) whose sterling notions of civil and religious liberty designated their age for the admiration of after times; decidedly excelling in disinterested wisdom and high empire the best of those who lived before and since. They had felt, and knew the horrors of wars of religion, and to avoid this splitting rock of nations they guaranteed to every one the right of worshipping in his own way. And if we were forced at this *moment to surrender* up all our rights of life, of personal security, property, and liberty with the reservation of but one—of what we have learned from the histories of the persecutions of Christians in the age of the Emperors, of the after conflicts in Christendom, between parents and children, brothers and brothers, friends and friends for sectarian ascendancy—it should be the one right of worship. A right so far as its exercise does not violate the laws of the land, and the decency of public morals, as absolute as the right of private opinion or the faculty of thinking; paramount to any civil obligation, of which one cannot be deprived, nor can he divest himself. In the heat of controversy, the proper question of this right, turning on the difference between a civil and religious obligation, is overlooked. We owe obedience to a civil law, because, it is enacted by the proper authorities of that Society in which we live: we owe obedience in like manner to the Creator in a worship the result of our own solemn convictions, because we believe the Creator, manifested it to us by the light of reason or revelation: and if we cannot with impunity step in between another and the law, any interference between the Creator and his creature is impiety—the assumption of a finite creature to judge for the infinite Creator!

This difference between a civil and religious obligation is the most interesting feature of our constitution, and were it not that

\* Const. N. J. Art. 19. † Const. N. C. Art. 32.

‡ Const. Del. Art. 3. § Dec. Rights, Art. 35.



there are certain sectarian prejudices in these United States, we could boast of its recognition in all the grades and relations of our society. But it is not so. We say to the Jew "you are a citizen, by the Constitution"—"you are eligible to offices of honor, trust and profit by the Constitution;" and at the same time we shut him out from our intercourse, charging him with the violation of morals, the proof of which is naked suspicion. Is not this dressing him in royal robes to drink bitter draughts? Is not this giving him the letter without the spirit, when we suspect him—convict him without evidence, describe him to be avaricious, and roguish, and really find our authority for doing so no where else but in that questionable maxim of the common law, *communis error facit jus*. We do assert that the prejudices which exist against this people come out of the common errors of the world, and that they are more in fancy than in fact. Look at the records of our Courts, and point out one single conviction of a Jew for larceny, robbery, burglary, murder or perjury; seek after him in the streets among those ill-fated creatures who sell honor and respectability for a drink, and you will find him not there. "But the Jew is avaricious." We have known many of this people and have seen them do as many generous acts as Christians of our acquaintances have done. We knew many of them in the early years of our collegiate life, at that age when the mind is unguarded, and shows its natural and acquired traits of disposition, and we must confess, that what we then observed of them, was every thing that is correct, amiable and polite.

Unfortunately for the Jew since the Christian era, he has been invidiously pointed at, watched, suspected and of consequence condemned; for to suspect him is to condemn him—barely hint at the indiscretion of a lady and good bye to her reputation. If Christians were subjected to the same daily scrutiny, it requires no wisdom to show, that in deeds of cunning and avarice, it would be found that they equal the Jews. After all that has been said of this people, if we divest ourselves of prejudice and look at them as they are, not as they are said to be, we must conclude, that they are as strictly correct in their domestic relations, as obedient to the laws, as generous, as devout as Christians, with this difference, if it can be called a difference, that what is frugality in the labouring classes of other denominations, is avarice in them.

We could take great pleasure in enlarging further on this subject, but the space allotted to us will not permit it. By way of conclusion, we must say, that if any thing is calculated to make men adhere to such beliefs as have been handed down to them by a long line of venerable ancestry, or even to an error of conscience, of prejudice, of reason, or to any opinion, however absurd, it is contempt, insult, or the smallest grain of persecution. Mind like matter possesses a power of resistance which when compressed by superior influences concentrates, but does not lose a jot of active energy. And for this reason we know not of that logical figure whereby men are whipped or threatened into conviction. Sour looks beget sour looks, and prideful importance begets hate. We do not believe that the rack or a musket ever made a man religious; and

we can confidently say that the only way to make him so, is to beat at his heart as we would at a fair lady's. If our holy religion is worthy to be disseminated among this people it can never be done by their indiscriminate exclusion from an intimate society with ourselves. We should go among them and call them brother, as Solomon did the King of Tyre. We should take them by the hand and lead them to our own fellowship; offering them the most pleasant courtesies of the heart in the domestic arch, where one is most apt to soften down to conviction, amid those delicate kindnesses which flow from a truly religious devotion. We should there point out to them those fireside relations of wife, children and friends, reciprocally glowing up to an amiable animation under the inciting benevolence of innocent thoughts. We should say to them this is my house, and what you see and feel is the result of a liberal religion, resting on charity and good will to all men. We should tear up by the roots those ugly prejudices which grow so deeply in many of our bosoms, and hail them citizens not in empty sounds of mock liberality, but by sincere word, by deed and intercourse.

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THE following is a version of one of the Heroic Elegies of Lywarch Hen, the celebrated Welsh Bard. The poem appears to have been written on the occasion of the Poet's visiting the deserted mansion of his patron :—

ELEGY.

Who lives there now, deserving praise,  
 Since valiant Urian is no more.  
 He trained the Hawk in happier days,  
 And Hound on this deserted floor.  
 The Hearth with Nettles is o'errun,  
 That in the lifetime of Owain,  
 Smok'd with the prey from foemen won,  
 And cheered his weary vassal train.  
 The door is now half hid with thorns,  
 Whence gleam'd the hospitable blaze,  
 While heroes drain'd the generous Horns,  
 And heaven-taught minstrels sung their praise.  
 No more the tower peers o'er the wood,  
 That while its brave defender liv'd,  
 Oft gave the wand'ring pilgrim food,  
 The weary traveller reliev'd.  
 Now silent is the hero's hall,  
 No torch is lit to chase the gloom :  
 Darkness and Death envelope all,  
 Save Lywarch, left for heavier doom :  
 To haunt the spot when all are fled,  
 That e'er I lov'd, that e'er lov'd me.  
 Where now can Lywarch rest his head ?—  
 O ! soon my Chief, I'll follow thee.

LINUS.

The Fredoniad, or Independence Preserved, an epic poem on the late war of 1812, by Richard Emmons, M. D.

**AN Epic—an American Epic—an American Epic** in four volumes and forty books, and by Richard Emmons too, an M. D. Truly, this is a wonderful work!—unlike any thing “in the heavens, or in the earth, or in the waters under the earth;” unless it be the yellow lion of Mr. Moses’ sign in King-street. So perfectly original; so unnaturally well done; so ferocious; so full of that peppery something, which will not permit a body to fall asleep over it—if it be only from the hardness of some of the names of our Revolutionary heroes. Why did destiny select men with such unmusical names, to do great deeds? It takes greatly from the reputation of these modern giants—the having such horridly rough, German, jawbreaking and unpoetical handles. Now what can a sweet modern drawing-room poet, who does nothing but sigh over “lascivious graces,” and “weeping loves,” “tender faces,” “sighing doves,” secluded places; in shady groves, and the pleasant namby pamby phraseology of melancholy Mr. Percival, or tripping Mr. Moore, or punning Mr. Rogers, or dulcet Mr. Woodworth, or crabbish Mr. Crabbe, or drouthey Mr. Southey, or wordy Mr. Wordsworth, or poaching Mr. Hunt, or any other delicate man—what we ask, could he or they do with such a name as Frelinghuyssen? Nothing, absolutely nothing. It belonged to the New World to beget the modern Hercules capable of encountering this hundred headed name. How many thousand equally mountainous titles, does our revolution afford. Yet, has Dr. Emmons chimed all in, as harmoniously together, as we, after an hours trial, and hard labor, got “lemmons and gemmens to rhyme with “Emmons”—thus—

Gentle gemmens  
Lend large lemons  
To Richard Emmons.

And this by the way, is no ordinary merit. To show that we have not overrated our modern Maro, we give the following :

Hewes, Heyward, Rutledge, Hopkinson and Keith,  
Smith, Walton, Hooper—bound with honor’s wreath;  
Lynch, Walcott, Carroll, Morris, Clymer, Paca,  
Chase, Morton, Taylor, Wilson, Stockton, Lee;  
Hancock, co-equal, and an Ellery.  
Hart, Sherman, Lewis, Adams—hallowed name;  
Long with a Jefferson to be the theme  
Of freedom’s sacred day! Gerry and Penn,  
Rush, Morris, Harrison, the first of men.  
Jay, Whipple, Middleton, born to achieve  
What future ages doubting will believe.  
Gwinnet and Nelson, Livingston and Ross,  
Who bade defiance to the banner’d cross—  
Who counted all, save liberty, but dross.  
Floyd, Bartlett, Rodney, Huntington and Read,  
Of whom no trial could their souls exceed,  
Stone, Braxton, Witherspoon, and Adams, Clark,  
Bosoms that thrilled with a Promethean spark,  
Hopkins and Williams, Thornton, Faine and Hall,  
With Liberty to stand, with Liberty to fall.



Now, while it may be very well to keep alive the memory of gallant men, we do think it little less than cruelty, to expose their only misfortune in the shape of a hard name. Has Dr. Emmons ever considered that when he comes to die, as even great men must, some time or other, some wag may expose him to a similarly unpleasant niche in the temple of fame, by writing upon him an epitaph like the following :

"Here lies in peace the bones of Dr. Emmons,  
Whose Hippocrene was punch, made up with sour lemons."

Besides this characteristic, so peculiar as it is, Mr. Emmons has been the only American, who has dared to descend into the infernal regions, and bring its shrinking tenants into day light. He has given us one or two descriptions of hell, and situated all of them (start not gentle reader) in America. These descriptions are very comfortably done, (yet Dante's was an Elysium to them;) and now and then we have a good jogging ride over all the ground occupied by our "two wars of independence."

We recommend this work confidently to our readers. It is a valuable commentary upon, and a faithful illustration of our various histories on this subject; and perhaps will afford to the sceptic and inquiring foreigner, indubitable evidence of that patronage, which we bestow without hesitation upon the repeatedly urged claims of native genius.

We have, however, one serious objection to this work. The poem is quite silent upon the subject of the breed of American horses. We all know how much our country has suffered in its two memorable contests, from our neglect of this highly important particular. Our cavalry, if it deserved the name, was wretchedly poor, and ill-served. Had it been that we could only have mustered as many horses, as our author has found rhymes, we had saved five years of bloodshed and havoc, and a few millions of continental currency. We wish the author all the success he deserves. He has mounted the steed—we have advised him about the *bays*.

#### STANZAS.

##### I.

O LONDON! some men weep, while others smile,  
Who know thee, mart of commerce and of crime!  
Climate of coal, of beef-steaks, and of bile;  
Yet still the land of some things quite sublime  
In art and science—an intellectual Nile,  
That yearly overflows to enrich the clime  
Of Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, and the rest,  
Immortal lights that illustrate the West.

##### II.

Aye, and the land where sleeps a modern Bard,  
Modern, but mighty 'mongst the mightiest! one  
'Gainst whom his country and the world had warred  
In vain—they sought to crush the daring son  
Of genius and of song, and to discard  
The monarch minstrel, but the goal was won!  
And tho' his laurel was bedewed in tears,  
It grew as grows a giant tree, the lightning sears.

## III.

The trunk may wither, but the leaves are green,  
 And there they flourish on the blighted bough!  
 The storm has past—no traces there are seen  
 Of heaven's wrath—the roots still spread below,  
 With no memorial of what hath been!  
 The noble tree survives th' unequal blow—  
 Bearing aloft its towering head to Heaven,  
 It braves, tho' worn, the tempest—and defies, tho' riven!

## IV.

In his own Isle he was proscribed and barred,  
 And like the melancholy Eagle pined,  
 With wounded wing and bleeding bosom scarred,  
 Denied the bright day and the mountain-wind!  
 With his great spirit meaner spirits warred,  
 They hated his ascendancy of mind,  
 And sought to break it on a burning wheel—  
 For feeling is a rack, its victims those who feel.

## V.

And long they bound him on the glowing bars,  
 Till agony was blown into a flame,  
 Which did consume him!—but he laughed at scars  
 And his ignoble foes, save One—whose aim  
 Struck at his heart!—that sorrow felly mars  
 Which springs from one whose loved or honored name  
 Should ne'er have numbered in the list of foes  
 Who track the steps of life, still wounding to its close.

## VI.

For when he saw *that* hand against him raised,  
 His spirit was subdued—it was enough!  
 Nothing had power to touch him further—praised  
 Or blamed, it was alike to him—the rough  
 And bitter seeds were sown, and he had grazed  
 On the rank harvest, and had chewed the tough  
 And never dying cud of pain, until  
 Into his soul its essence did instil.

## VII.

And was there then no other hand save *thine*,  
 T' inflict a cureless wound upon his heart,  
 Already worn and reeking in the brine  
 Of burning tears—to wound him with a dart  
 Feathered from his own breast, his child's, and *thine*!  
 'Twas too ignoble, or too great a part  
 For mortal—or thy soul must be above  
 My sex's weakness—thou didst never love!

## VIII.

But pride—which should have taught thee how to prize  
 Thy womanhood, his nobler worth and fame,  
 That fame which will descend for centuries,  
 When blank oblivion veils each vulgar name  
 Of the vile herd, who, from *his* agonies,  
 To fleeting notice draw a viler claim,  
 Save one—whose infamy can never die,  
 But live, whilst Shame shall burning brand a lie;

## IX.

Pride should have taught thy spirit to disclaim  
 The common scandal of th' ignoble few,  
 Who haunt the purlieus, callous to all shame!  
 To glean the dregs of each domestic stew;  
 Pride should have taught thee to respect *his* name,  
 To that, at least, some deference was due:

The name he bore is that thy child must bear,  
'Tis Glory's too—but grief is all her care!

## X.

That child, whose name was mixed with his last breath,  
Till that his faltering tongue could speak no more!  
To whom he clung in the embrace of death—  
That child, whom from his heart they rudely tore—  
Say—will she rise above, or sink beneath  
The bitter recollections now in store  
In her sad breast—but Heaven guard her peace,  
And temper to the wind the shorn lamb's tender fleece!

## XI.

Methinks that injured, awful Spirit still,  
Survives below, and hovers near the spot,  
As if to shield her innocence from ill,  
And with an Angel's love watch o'er her lot!  
While, if immortal eyes may ever fill  
With earthly tears o'er sorrows unforget,  
Grief's envious cloud still viels their heavenly ray,  
As thus the Parent Spirit says, or seems to say:

## XII.

'I love thy fame, Old England! not thy soil,  
For it hath borne but poisoned plants to me;  
All fatal growths from which I now recoil,  
As does the touch the Aspiek's poignancy:  
Yet were they of my planting—unblest toil!  
The seeds were half destructive—and yet, ye  
Who saw me pluck the dead fruit, could ye not  
Have gently interposed? but no—'twas not my lot.

## XIII.

Thou wert a kindless mother unto me,  
Nor checked, nor chid my wild youth till—too late!  
And yet I will not curse thy memory—  
I still can bear, as I have borne my fate,  
Nor visit one ungentle thought on thee!  
Nor will I deem that thou still hoard'st thy hate,  
To wreak its fullness in some future hour  
Further on me—yet it *hath* been my dower!

## XIV.

A barren portion, which I had disclaimed,  
Had it not been forced on me—be it so!  
And *thou*, who stood'st, and heard'st my life defamed,  
And saw my early fortunes ebb and flow  
With an uncertain current, whose tide aimed  
Tow'rds rocks that left my frail bark dry and low—  
Say, was there then no part which thou coul'dst take,  
Save that which wounded feelings, falsehood could not shake?

## XV.

But it is time I should forget the past,  
Though it hath made the future unto me  
As a cold clime, and an all-sunless waste,  
Without a blossom and without a tree!  
A desert o'er whose sands hath swept the blast,  
The deadly Simoom, winged by destiny!  
But in the solitude there sings a bird  
Of plaintive note, and by my spirit heard!

## XVI.

It comes upon me in the twilight hour,  
Like a clear whisper from the distant hill;  
It hath a magic music and a power  
Into my soul its essence to instil!



It breathes upon me in the summer shower,  
 It ripples in the murmur of the rill;  
 It floats upon me with the morning light,  
 It soothes the pillow of the dreaming night—

## XVII.

In all I see, in all I hear, it lives—  
 But fate and distance interpose, and I  
 Am doomed to think that gentle spirit grieves!  
 For my life hath been a fatality,  
 Which, as it wove for me, for mine still weaves  
 The deadly woof, whose warp is agony!  
 But may no other sorrow dim thy cheek,  
 And be thy heart more tempered, and more meek.' J. W. S.

[The above belonged originally to a 'Continuation of Don Juan.' Having since determined, however, to go on with that poem in the person of the interesting and ill-fated Being with whom it originated, it was of course necessary to omit the above stanzas, which, as they are, perhaps, not worse than the rest of the poem, we have seen fit to transcribe separately.]

## THE LATE MR. COX.

DEPARTED this life, at St. Augustine, East Florida, May 23, 1828, and in the 28th year of his age, ISAAC N. COX, Esq. of Philadelphia, and late Judge of the County Court for St. Johns, in the above territory.

However true, it may possibly not be in exact accordance with the feelings and opinions of the many, to say, that the lives of the unhappy are not less entitled to commemoration, than the brilliant or the fortunate career of the gifted or the good. Neither will their mournful claims upon the sympathy, or the commiseration of their surviving fellow beings be questioned or rejected upon the ground of their having been the authors of their own misfortunes. On the contrary, if the opinion which has been somewhere expressed, that disordered power concentrated within itself, and to its own destruction, confers upon tragic fiction its loftier character and profounder interest, have any foundation in truth, we should suppose that when real life furnishes us with an exemplification of the doctrine, and that too by no means an equivocal one, it must call for the ten fold sympathy of every mind in the smallest degree alive to the fortunes of those with whom we hourly mingle, and to whom we are connected by the various ties that bind us to the world. The examples of self-abandonment that daily present themselves to our view, are always melancholy, and can seldom fail to inspire us with regret; but too many of these are attended by circumstances that unavoidably qualify, though they can seldom or never wholly repress the tendencies of that philanthropy which nature has implanted in the breast of man. It is the picture of an ingenuous mind, unsettled by the vicissitudes which its own improvident nature—strangely untrue to itself—has conspired to produce; and, from the hourly contemplation of its lost condition, and vain recurrence to its lost hopes—gathering only the solace of death, and the resolution to die;—it is a picture like this, that appeals to the profoundest sympathies of our nature—we pore incessantly over it—the heart melts,

and the grief which it inspires, passes not away with the last loss of its mournful object, when the grave closes over it, but lives a ceaseless tribute to the unhappy dead! In merely recording here the name of Mr. Cox, we have perhaps done all that he himself would have required of us. The task of tracing in detail the errors and misfortunes of a generous mind, is one we would not willingly impose on ourselves. The life of our friend—for by that name his all-conscious spirit, we are satisfied, permits us thus to allude to him—was one of sudden, strange and melancholy transition. He was destined, it would seem, to exchange the comforts and elegancies of life in its highest and most attractive forms, for its privations—almost its wants—its consequent mortifications, and its utter gloom. The favorite guest of the drawing room, his last retreat was a nearly inhospitable shed, whose threshold was rarely crossed by any but his own solitary steps. From this cheerless and sickening abode it was, that his weary and hurt spirit took its everlasting flight! It went out in darkness from the body, for delirium was on him;—let us hope—let us believe, it is now a guest in the mansions of light; and that the mortal life which closed in gloom, has been exchanged for the Immortal—and that our friend at length is happy!

J. W. S.

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[We have been handed the following "School composition" of a pretty little Miss of thirteen years of age, a pupil of Mr. Doggett's Young Ladies Seminary. Our tall boys who lounge about the corners will do well to take care, or the order of things, which gives the supremacy of intellect to the "monster man" will be strangely reversed among us. Truly are we glad to see, the great and increasing attention now paid to the education of youth with us, particularly among the fairer portion of our "dull and foggy earth." We would suggest, however, that as much depends on *home education* and a proper system in the domestic circle, that a seminary be established for the education of parents—we would then have fewer young gentlemen, sacrificing the character of their native State in Porter and Oyster establishments, and fewer young ladies only fitted for a handbox and toilet.]

### THE STARS.

What mean those shining points the Stars? They are the works of our beneficent Creator, planted by him in the heavens, in mercy to his sinful creature man, "to divide the day from the night," and he has said they should "be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years." What a sublime subject for contemplation is presented to us, when we gaze on them and reflect that they are so many suns enlightening other far distant worlds. Short sighted man could not comprehend these magnificent works of the Creator, were he not assured that nothing is impossible with God. What infinite pleasure does the Christian enjoy, when contemplating the heavens, compared with the infatuated Atheist, who with wonderful stupidity, rejects all knowledge of God. When the Christian views the stars, he readily associates them with the idea of an infinite, allwise and merciful Being. But the poor savage, although he exhibits more understanding than the Atheist, can have none of these divine contemplations. How can he account for these stupendous

works of the Almighty, while his mind is unenlightened by science and divine revelation. He may worship the spangled canopy, as he does the rude images formed by his own unskillful hand; but how does this contrast with the sublime pleasure of the Christian, who can worship the God who binds the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or looses the bands of Orion, who bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his season, and guides Arcturus with his suns. These blessings which we in Christian countries enjoy, should fill our minds with gratitude to our beneficent Creator; and lead us to pursue the right path, so that when our short pilgrimage here below is at an end, we may be prepared to enjoy that perfect felicity promised to the righteous, in the glorious assembly of Saints and Angels and spirits of "just men made perfect."

### EXCERPTS.

There is a strange mixture of the sublime and ridiculous, in much that has come down to us from the Ancients. We are informed by Homer and the Greek dramatists, that the famous Soothsayer, Calchas, who foretold the destruction of Troy, or, rather, the period that should complete its fall, perished through mortification, because he could not tell the *exact number of figs* there were upon a certain tree—an achievements reserved for Mopsus.

"Great as he is, in dust he lies;  
He meets a greater, and he dies."

There is something ingenious in the very horrors that resulted from the fatal superstition of the Ancients. Œdipus is made to commit incest by the very means he adopted to avoid it;—Orestes is ordered by Apollo to destroy his mother, under a threat of incurring the God's displeasure should he disobey the mandate, which he no sooner fulfils, than the Furies are sent in pursuit of him. Agamemnon is compelled to purchase a favorable wind, by the blood of his daughter:

"Bound in necessity's iron chain,  
Reluctant nature strove in vain."

Burke once exclaimed, as all the world knows 'The age of Chivalry is gone!' Alas—"cet heroism universel, nous avons nomme la chevalerie, n'exista jamais comme fictions brillantes!"—So says Sismondi, Introduction to his *Histoire Francais*—p. 20.

Speaking of the neck and bosom of a beautiful woman, Burke terms them, "that deceitful maze through which the unsteady eye slides giddily, without knowing *where* to fix, or whither it is carried." Sublime and Beautiful, p. 132.



### CHARLESTON COLLEGE.

THE engraving annexed to our present number, is the design of the edifice of the *Charleston College*, as given by Mr. Strickland, Architect of Philadelphia. The centre consists of three large rooms, the lowermost of which is forty feet square, and intended to be used by the writing master of the Grammar and English Schools. The hall immediately above on the principal story is in size forty feet by fifty, and will be used for morning prayers and on public occasions. This room will be finished in a very handsome manner, and will probably be, on account of its locality and construction, one of the most spacious, pleasant and airy apartments in the city. In the third story and above the hall is the Library room of the same size with it. The visitor is surprised in walking across it, to perceive the unyielding strength of the floor which is laid on joists more than forty feet long. The wing apartments are six in number, each twenty-five by thirty. They are all used for the purposes of recitation. The rooms of the lower story and of the wings have a stairway and passage to the North of them of ten feet in width.

Charleston College was re-organized in January, 1824, after its duties had been suspended for many years. Since that period it has been advancing in respectability and in the estimation of the public; and now claims to rank among the best schools in the Union. The number of Students in the College and the schools connected with it, is at the present time about one hundred and forty. The following is a list of the Trustees of the Institution.

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STEPHEN LEE, A. B. *Professor of Nat. Phil.*

REV. JOHN SCHWARTZ, *Greek and Latin Tutor.*

JAMES COURTENAY, } *Masters of the English*

CHARLES B. COCHRAN, Jr. } *School.*

EDWARD LAURINE, *Teacher of the French Language.*

\* The President fills the Department of Professor of Moral Philosophy.

The erection of the new Edifice while it forms a lasting monument of the liberality of the citizens of Charleston, also furnishes the most conclusive evidence that their energies are at length aroused to act effectually in the great causes of learning and domestic education. As the commencement of the College takes place on the 28th of the present month, our citizens will soon have a fair opportunity of judging how far their efforts in its behalf will be rewarded. We look with confidence to the result.

## SONNET.

I will breathe music in the little bell  
 That cups this flower—it shall have a tone  
 For every passion that the heart has known :—  
 Tho' hearts their secrets may not often tell,  
 Mine is a spell to win them—I will wake  
 Notes, which tho' new to men, they will not fail  
 To tremble when they hear—as an old tale  
 Will by surprise the absent dreamer take,  
 And his young heart shall tingle with delight.  
 I will win lovers back to the old lure—  
 And (greater charm) I will their love's secure,  
 And then this rose shall ever more be bright—  
 Each leaf shall be a harp, and every wind  
 That sweeps the chords—a newer note shall find.

AMAND.

## TO PATRONS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM our want of practice in proof-reading, we have both in the present and preceding number of our work, permitted some small errors to escape our view, which we beg our readers to correct.

While upon the subject of our journal, we must return our acknowledgements to those daily and other papers, who have kindly copied into their columns our prospectus, with notices of the work.

To our friend "Brooks" of the "*Morning Courier*," we must express our regret that in the article in No. 1. on "Mr. Cooper's reception in London" we did him the injustice to believe that there had been but one Journal (Walsh's daily) that had "spoken out" on the occasion. Had we been favored with the files of the "*pleasant Morning*," we had not been slow to recognize the genuine American spirit.

The papers on "*The Southern Review*," "*The Grecian and French Drama*" and "*Modern Biography*," came too late for our present number. They shall have an early insertion.